

GREEN LAMA

MAR. 1945
TEN CENTS
NO. 3
FDC



Don't you put
this magazine
down until —
The Green Lama
gives the an-
swer to "The
Riddle of Toys"

ALSO

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GREEN LAMA

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THE GREEN LAMA

must draw on all his amazing wisdom and the
last ounce of his invincible might
when he sets out to solve
"THE RIDDLE OF TOYS!"

BOY CHAMPIONS

find themselves with a basketful of chills and
thrills on their hands as they get
hep and give out with
"MUSIC FOR GERALDINE!"

ANGUS MacERC

goes a-visiting the weirdest land in all the
world and finds that even his mis-
chievous mind can't take a
"HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD!"

RICK MASTERS

zooms off into a death-defying, high flying
adventure when he and his Indian
side-kick decide to crack
**"THE CASE OF THE
CONCRETE IMPOSSIBILITY!"**

LIEUT. HERCULES

Will amaze you—as he amazes himself when
he undertakes to carry out
"THE THREE IMPOSSIBLE TASKS!"



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POP FLYS — Chockful of Laughs

VOL. 1 NO. 3

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GREEN LAMA--THE MAN OF STRENGTH--
FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR TO MEET
..... FALSTAFF! THE GREEN-CLAD
CHAMPION OF JUSTICE THOUGHT HE
HAD MET ALL KINDS OF CRIMINALS,
BUT HE LEARNS SOMETHING NEW

WHEN HE MEETS THE JOLLY CRIMINAL
WHO IGNORES MONEY AND JEWELS TO SPECIAL-
IZE IN THE STEALING OF TOYS! IT TAKES ALL
OF THE GREAT POWER AND CLEVERNESS OF
GREEN LAMA TO MATCH WITS WITH THE THIEF OF
WORTHLESS LOOT IN...

"THE RIDDLE OF TOYS!"

©OUR STORY OPENS ONE AFTERNOON WHERE A NUMBER OF CHILDREN ARE PLAYING ON THE STREET--

MR. JEROME, WHO OWNS A TOY STORE IS MY POP'S FRIEND AND HE GAVE THIS TO ME!

GEE, THAT'S SOMETHING!



SUDDENLY--

HERE, I'LL TAKE DAT TOY, KID!

HEY YOU CAN'T DO THAT! GIVE IT BACK TO ME!



OUT OF THE WAY PUNK!

HO HO! WELL EXECUTED, MY MAN!



BUT AS THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPROACHES--- PLAYBOY JETHRO DUMONT---

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED HERE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING THAT MIGHT INTEREST THE GREEN LAMA! SO... OM MANI, PADME HUM!

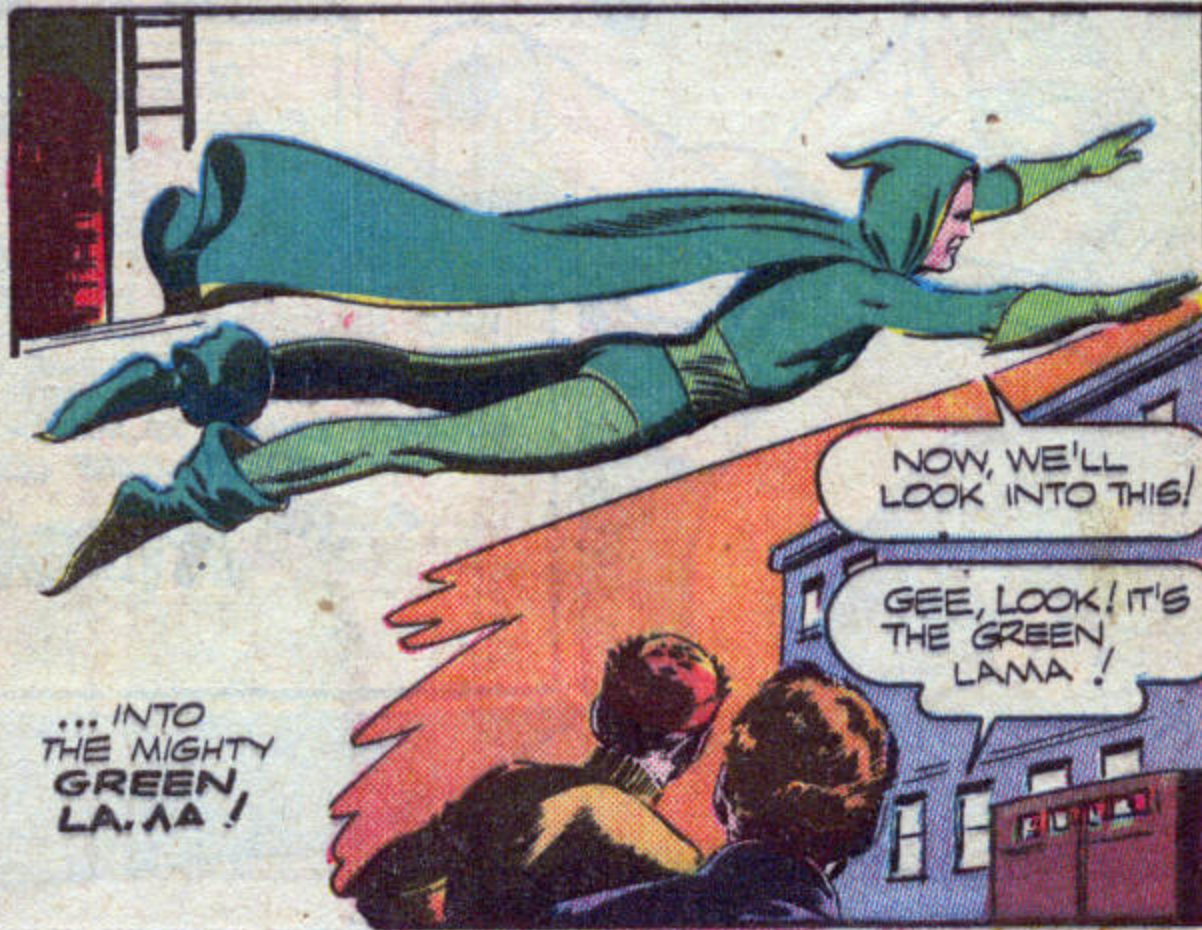


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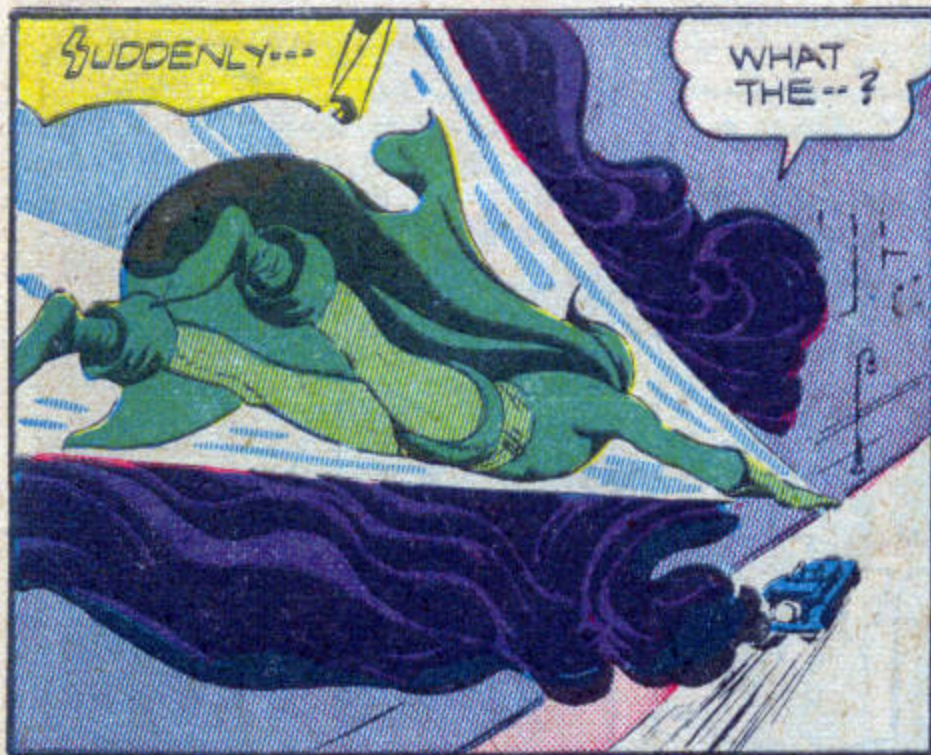
FEW PEOPLE KNOW THAT THE MAGIC TIBETAN WORDS ECHO FROM AN EASTERN TEMPLE, CHANGING JETHRO DUMONT...

... INTO THE MIGHTY GREEN, LA.AA!



NOW, WE'LL LOOK INTO THIS!

GEE, LOOK! IT'S THE GREEN LAMA!



SUDDENLY---

WHAT
THE--?



WELL-- IT'S A GOOD
CHANCE TO BRUSH
UP ON BLIND FLYING!



NOW I'LL---HEY! THE
CAR'S VANISHED!



STILL NO SIGN OF
THE CAR! THEY MUST
HAVE DOUBLED BACK
THROUGH THE SMOKE
AND MADE IT AROUND
THE CORNER AND
OUT OF SIGHT!



I'LL HAVE TO FIND
OUT WHY THE TOY
WAS SO VALUABLE!
BUT FIRST--HUM
PADME MANI
OM!

REVERSING
THE MAGIC TI-
BETAN PHRASE
CHANGES THE
MIGHTY GREEN
LAMA...

ཐུང་པ་མཆོག་ལྟོས་པོ་



... INTO WEALTHY PLAYBOY,
JETHRO DUMONT--!



NOW TO FIND THAT
KID AND GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THIS
MYSTERY!

MY NAME IS BOBBY STOUT AND THE FIRE ENGINE WAS GIVEN TO ME BY MR. JEROME. I ONLY GOT IT YESTERDAY...

DON'T WORRY, BOBBY! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ANOTHER ONE!



LATER...

WHY, YES... I GAVE A FIRE ENGINE TO BOBBY STOUT!

MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHY IT'S SO VALUABLE THAT CRIMINALS WOULD WANT TO STEAL IT?



WHY... THERE WAS NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT IT. THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME ERROR. BUT I'LL GIVE BOBBY ANOTHER FIRE ENGINE!

I DOUBT IF THERE WAS ANY ERROR! WELL... GOOD BYE, MR. JEROME!



I DON'T THINK THOSE CROOKS WERE MAKING A MISTAKE... BUT WHAT CAN THEY POSSIBLY WANT WITH A TOY FIRE ENGINE?

JEROME TOYS



THE FOLLOWING DAY... IN CENTRAL PARK...

BOY! I'LL BET WE BEAT THEM BY A HUNDRED RUNS TODAY!

OH YEAH! YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE! WE GOT JIMMY STARR ON OUR TEAM AND HE'S GOT A NEW PITCHER'S GLOVE! SHOW HIM, JIMMY!



SUDDENLY---

WE'LL JUST TAKE THE GLOVE, KID! WE GOT USE FOR IT!

HEY!



WE GOT THE GLOVE, FALSTAFF BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT...

WELL DONE! AND IT'S NOT NECESSARY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND, MY MAN! YOURS BUT TO DO OR DIE! HO! HO!



BUT ON A TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PARK---

COME QUICKLY, JETHRO DUMONT! THERE IS EVIL BELOW!

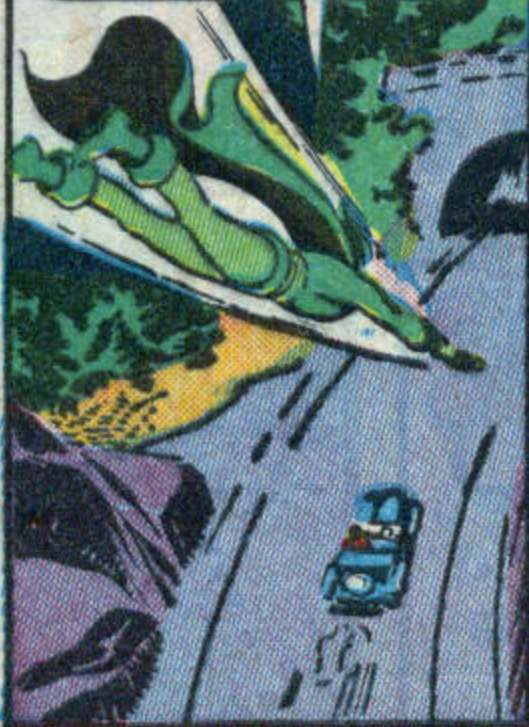
MEN IN THAT CAR JUST USED GUNS TO TAKE GLOVE AWAY FROM SMALL BOY IN THE PARK!

ANOTHER TOY CRIME! WELL-- OM MANI PADME HUM!



ONCE MORE THE MAGIC WORDS ECHO FROM A TIBETAN TEMPLE AND JETHRO DUMONT BECOMES THE MAN OF STRENGTH -- GREEN LAMA!

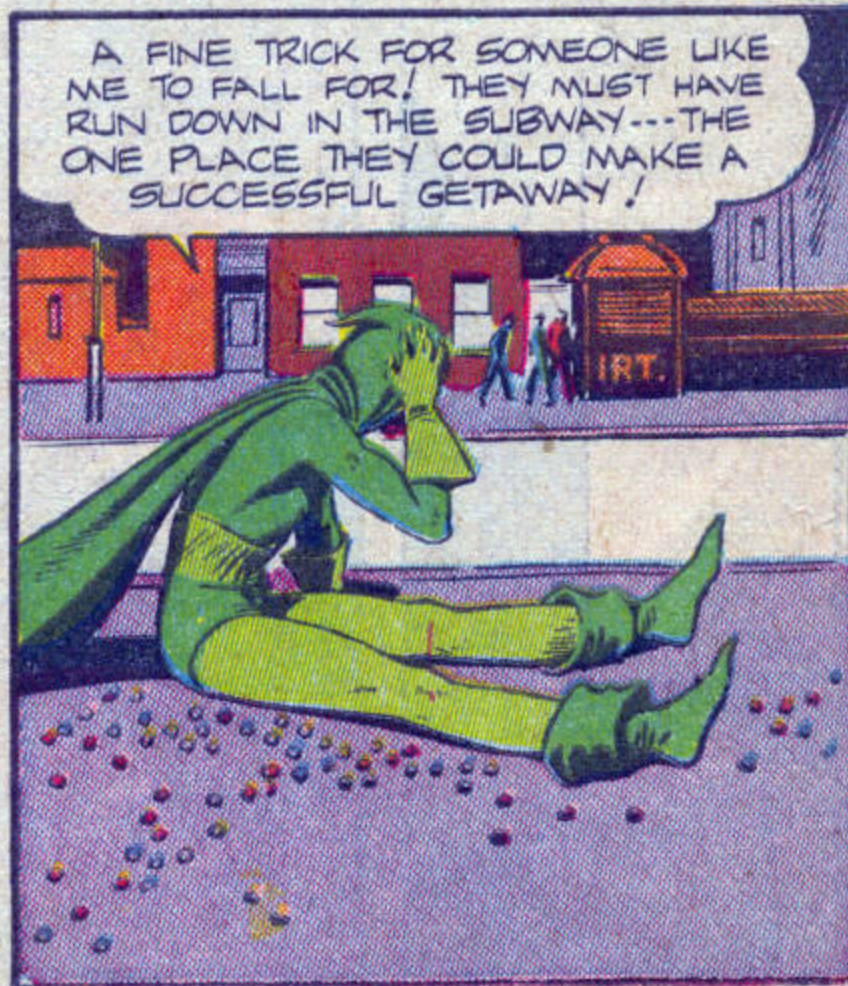
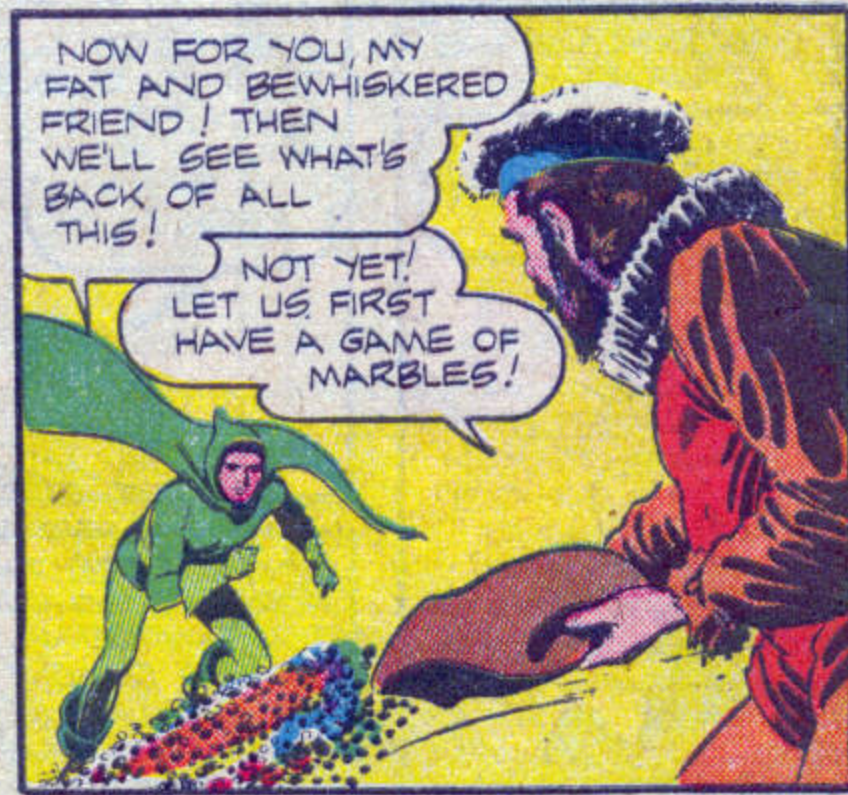
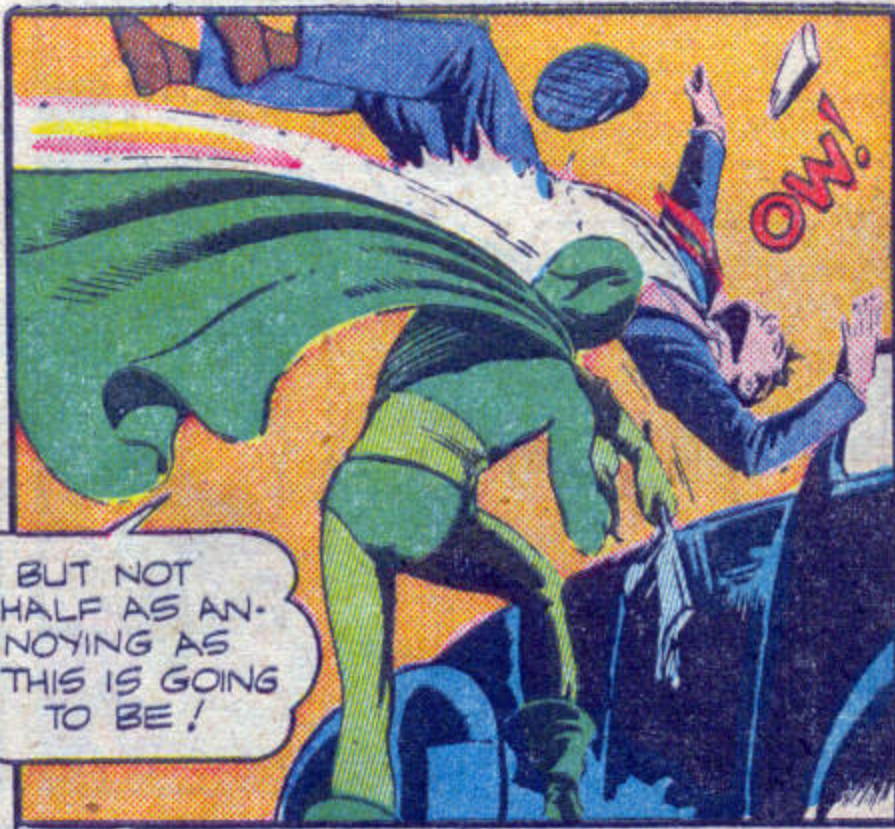
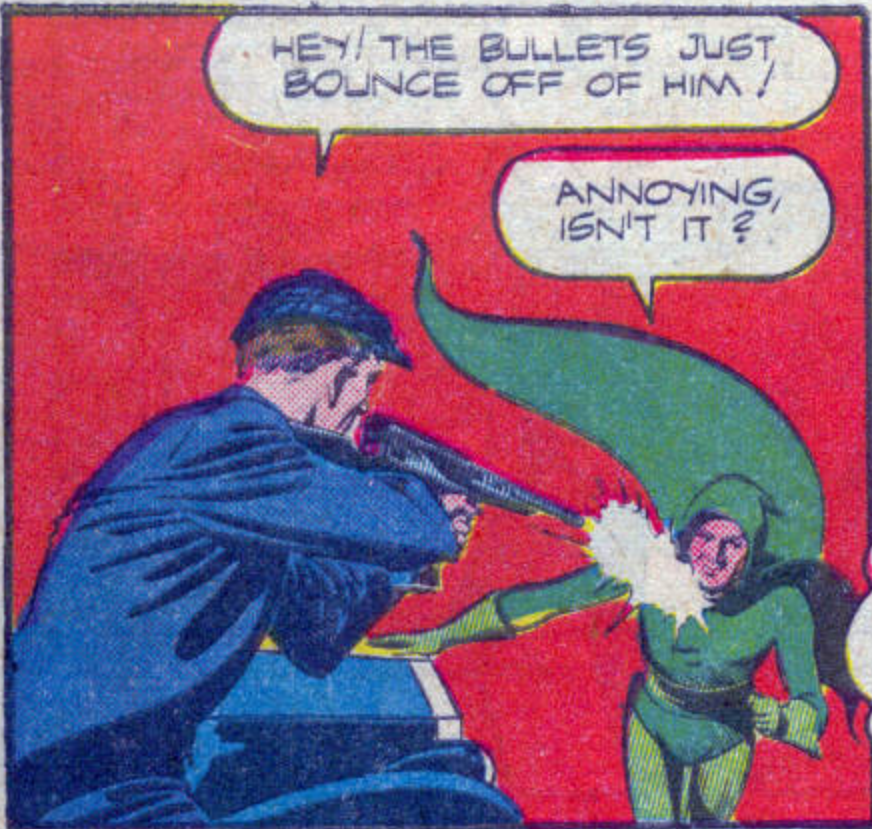
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS IS THE SAME BUNCH THAT STOLE THE FIRE ENGINE! THIS TIME THEY'LL NEED MORE THAN A SMOKE SCREEN!



IT'S THAT CONFOUNDED GREEN LAMA! GET HIM, MEN!

WHY USE BRAKES WHEN I'M AROUND?





LATER... JETHRO DUMONT CALLS AT THE HOME OF JIMMY STARR...

I'D LIKE TO SEE JIMMY STARR!

HE'S INSIDE. COME IN, WON'T YOU?



I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT WAS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT PITCHER'S GLOVE THAT WAS STOLEN FROM YOU, JIMMY?

IT WAS AUTOGRAPHED BY ROBBY STELLER, THE FAMOUS PITCHER! I BET IT WAS THE ONLY THING HE EVER AUTOGRAPHED!



STILL LATER---

I CHECKED ON THE CAR YOU ASKED ME TO, JETHRO, BUT IT WAS STOLEN! WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT?

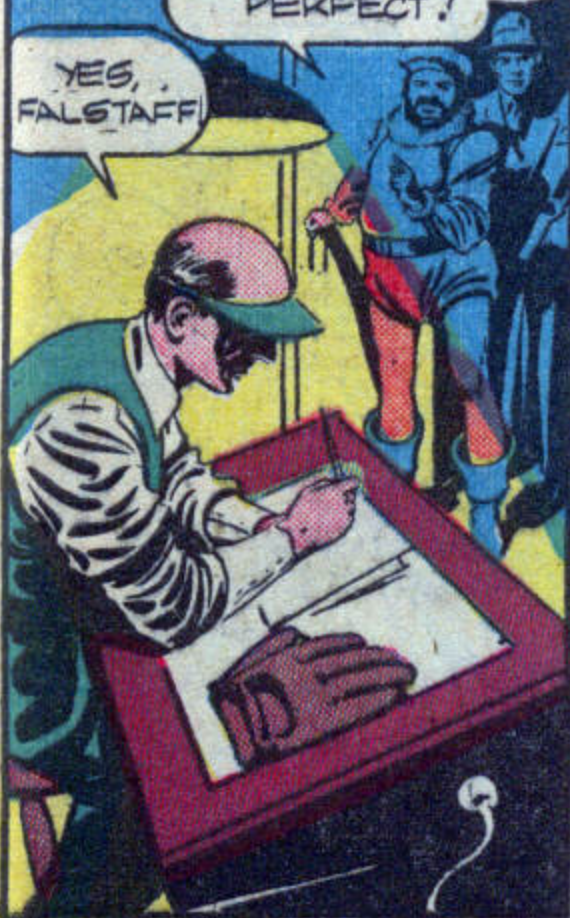
ABOUT A KID WHO HAD A PITCHER'S GLOVE STOLEN! LISTEN, LIEUTENANT---



Meanwhile---

SEE THAT YOU PRACTICE THAT SIGNATURE, JIM! BY THE TIME WE RETURN FROM THIS JOB, YOU SHOULD HAVE IT PERFECT!

YES, FALSTAFF!



OLD FALSTAFF LEAVES... SO, NOT FAR AWAY, DOES JETHRO DUMONT PREPARE TO LEAVE...

...THAT'S THE STORY! KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR CHECKS WITH STELLER'S NAME FORGED! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE NOW!

THANKS, JETHRO!



SAY-- THAT LOOKS LIKE FALSTAFF! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



HANDS UP,
EVERYBODY!



FALSTAFF, DIS
DON'T MAKE
SENSE --- BUT
YOU'RE DA
BOSS!

OM MANI
PADME HUM!



WELL --- I
BELIEVE WE'VE
MET BEFORE!

IT'S DA GREEN
LAMA! LET ME
OUTA HERE!



AT LEAST, YOUR
FACE FEELS
FAMILIAR!

OW! SO DOES
YOUR FIST ---
I'M SORRY
TO SAY!



I HOPE YOU'RE
BEGINNING TO
SEE THE POINT!



But
SUDDENLY---

ALL RIGHT, MEN!
SCATTER AND MEET
AT THE APPOINTED
HOUR!

?



THEY'RE GONE
-- BUT I'VE STILL
GOT YOU!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!



Later...

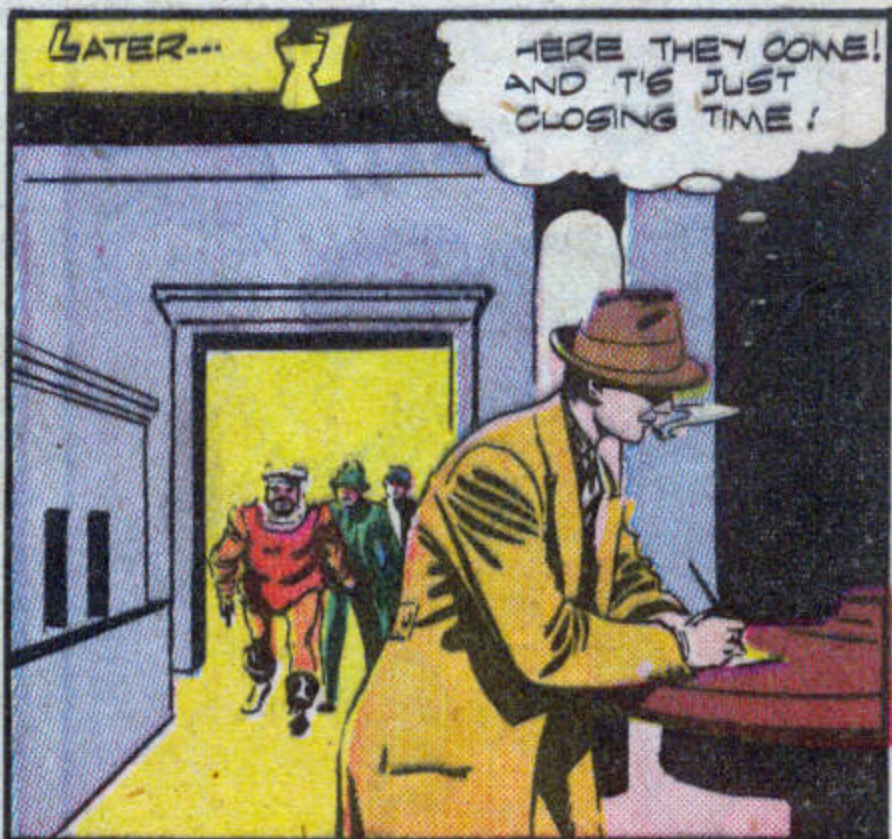
IF YOU DON'T START TALK-
ING, I'LL LET THE GREEN
LAMA TAKE A SWING AT
YOU!

ALL I KNOW IS
WE WAS SUPPOSED
TO MEET AT THE
CORNER OF FOURTH
AND MAIN JUST
BEFORE THREE
O'CLOCK!



FOURTH AND MAIN
JUST BEFORE THREE
O'CLOCK! THEY MUST
BE PLANNING ON
ROBBING THE BANK
THERE!

THAT'S ONE
APPOINTMENT
WE'LL ALL
KEEP!



LATER...

HERE THEY COME!
AND IT'S JUST
CLOSING TIME!

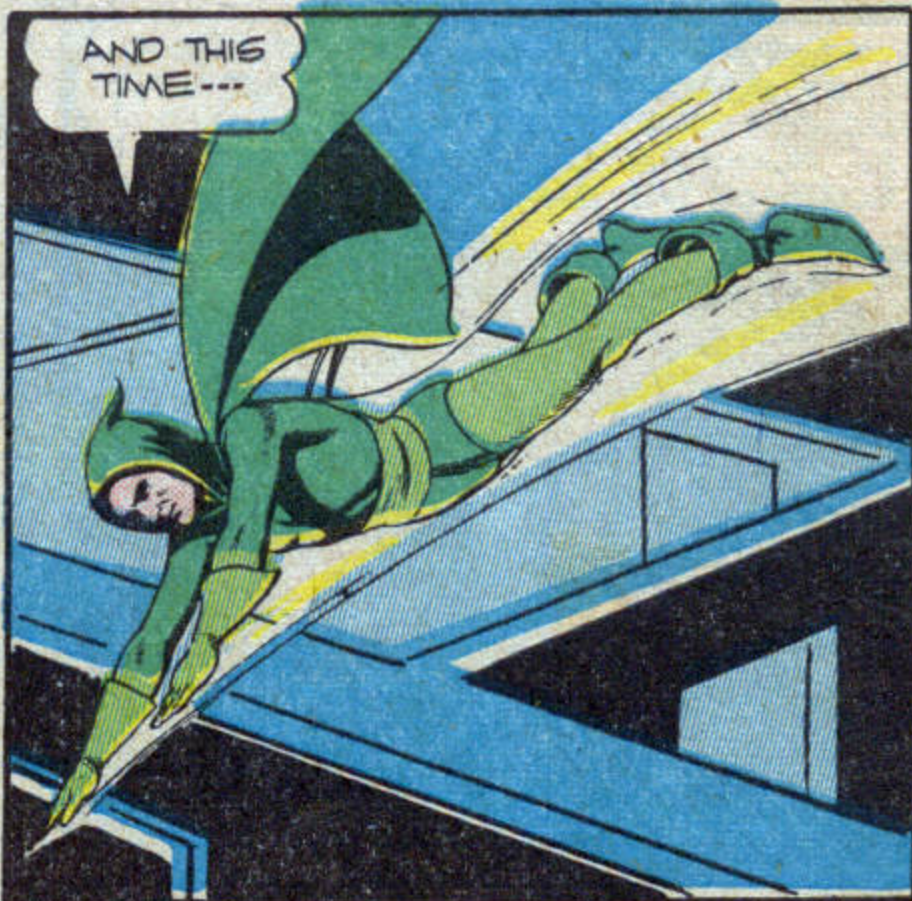
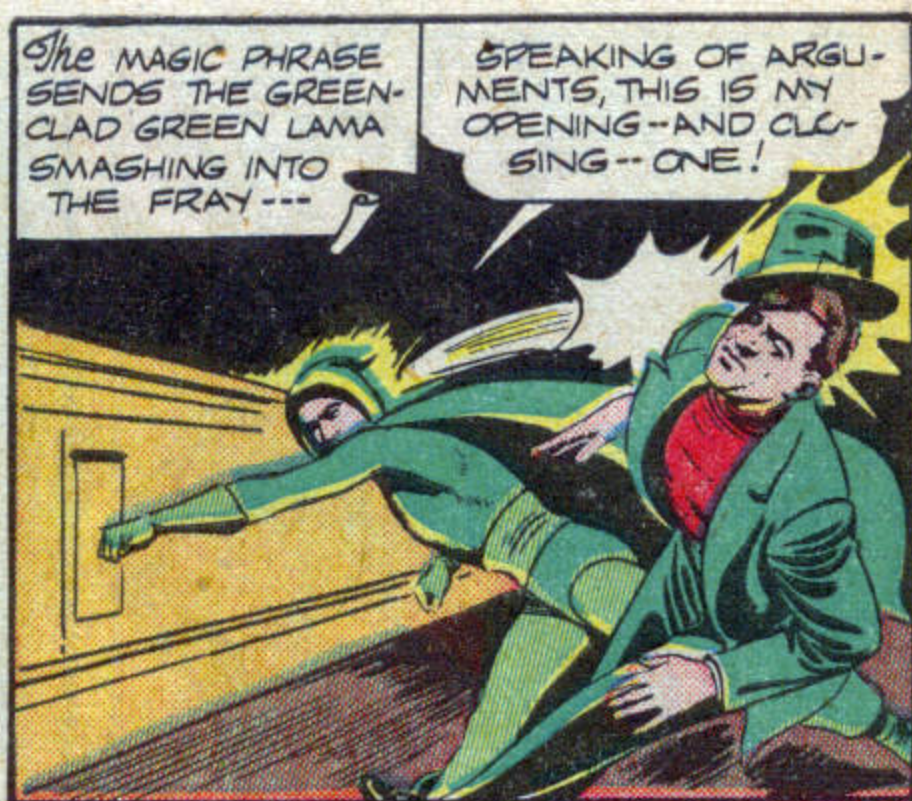


SUDDENLY--- TOY MECHANICAL MEN ARE
RELEASED AND WALK TOWARD THE
CLOSING VAULT DOOR--

HEY, YOU---



THEN--



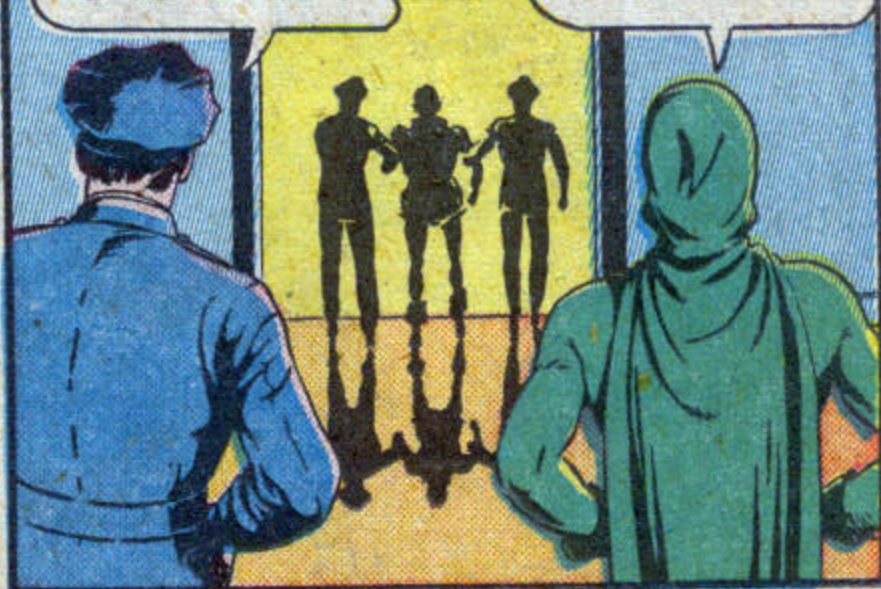
WE GOT UPSTAIRS
AS FAST AS WE COULD,
GREEN LAMA---HOLY
SMOKE! IT'S MR. JER-
OME, THE TOY MAN!

RIGHT! I
THOUGHT WE'D
FIND HIM BACK
OF THOSE FANCY
WHISKERS!



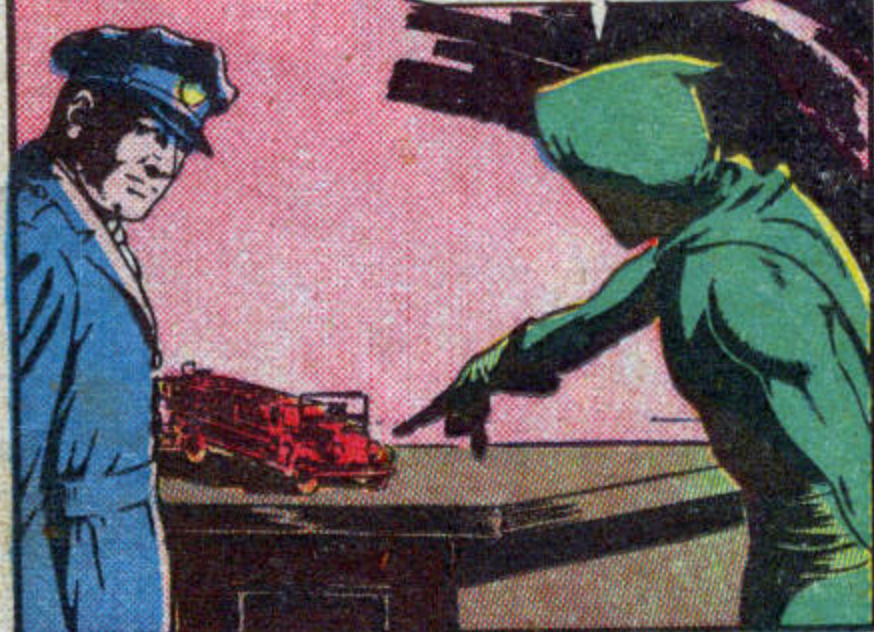
THIS EXPLAINS WHY
THEY STOLE THE MECH-
ANICAL MEN--- BUT
WHY DID JEROME STEAL
THAT FIRE ENGINE HE
GAVE A KID?

I THINK I
KNOW THE REA-
SON FOR THAT!
COME OVER TO
HIS STORE AND
I'LL SHOW YOU!

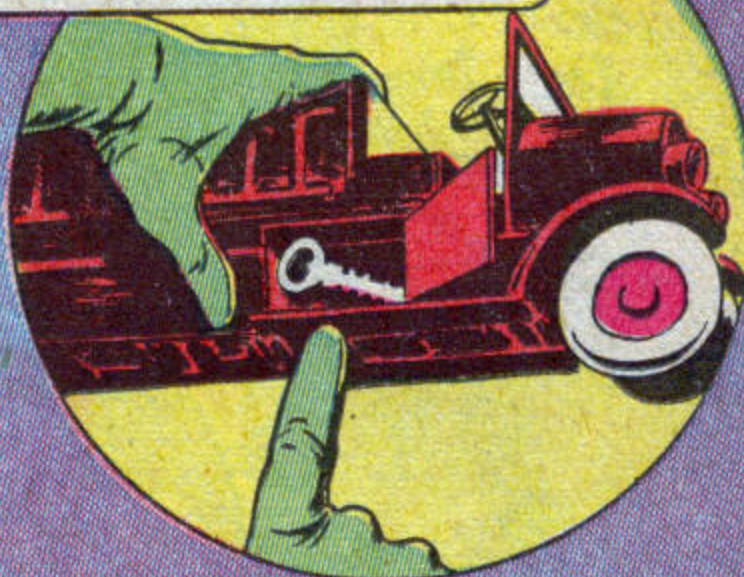


Later---

THIS MUST BE THE
ONE THAT WAS STOLEN!
NOW WATCH...

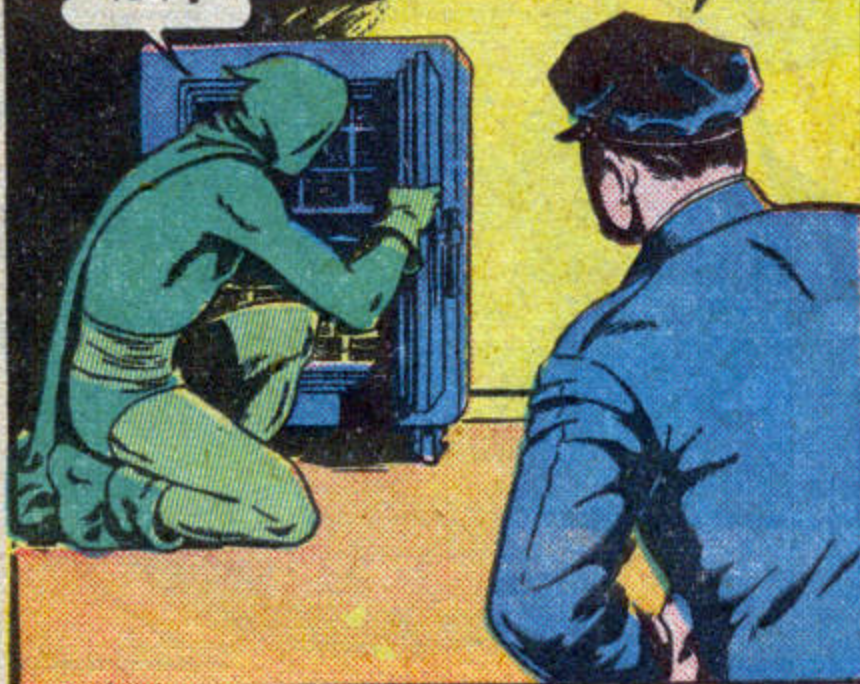


JEROME MADE A MISTAKE
AND GAVE THE KID THE WRONG
FIRE ENGINE---ONE WITH A
KEY TO HIS SAFE INSIDE!



I KNEW IT HAD TO
BE SOMETHING LIKE
THIS---AND THAT
JEROME HAD TO BE
FALSTAFF! THERE
WAS NO OTHER REA-
SON TO STEAL THIS
TOY!

A PRETTY SLICK
CUSTOMER! I'M
GLAD WE'VE
GOT HIM UNDER
LOCK AND
KEY!



PIH QOB XOWZ VCZR
O AOB OG QZSJSE
OG TOZGHOTT? W
KCBRSF....



GREEN LAMA CLUB MEMBERS: THE NUM-
BER 13 IS THE KEY TO THIS MONTH'S
CODE. LOOK ON YOUR CODE CHART---

The Boy CHAMPIONS

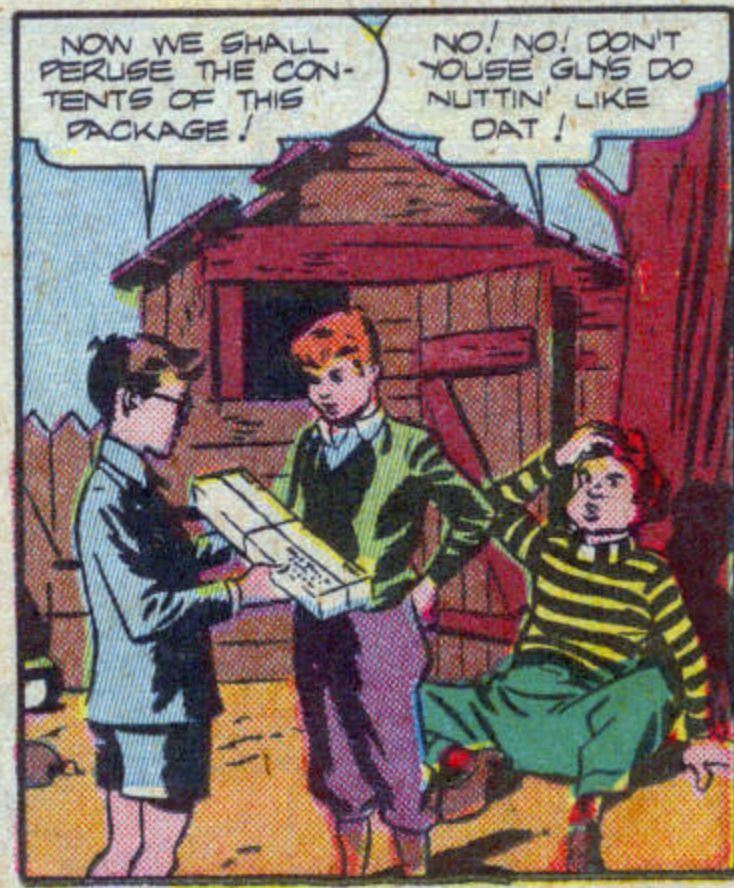
THEY'LL MIND THE BABY...OR RUN AN ERRAND...OR TACKLE THE TOUGHEST CRIMINAL -- THAT'S THEIR BUSINESS AND THEY SERVE WITH A SMILE, REGARDLESS OF THE TASK! BUT TUFFY, MICKEY AND WELLINGTON SMITH -- DARING AND ENTER-PRISING **BOY CHAMPIONS** -- NEVER FIGURED ON THE DEADLY DANGER THEY WOULD FACE IN GIVING OUT WITH

"Music for Geraldine!"

INSIDE A MAKESHIFT SHACK ON AN EMPTY LOT IN THE CITY--

GEE WHIZ! DS IS TERRIFIC! NOW I GOT A PURPOSE IN LIFE!

ART BY
JERRY
ROBINSON
STORY BY
JOSEPH VERDY

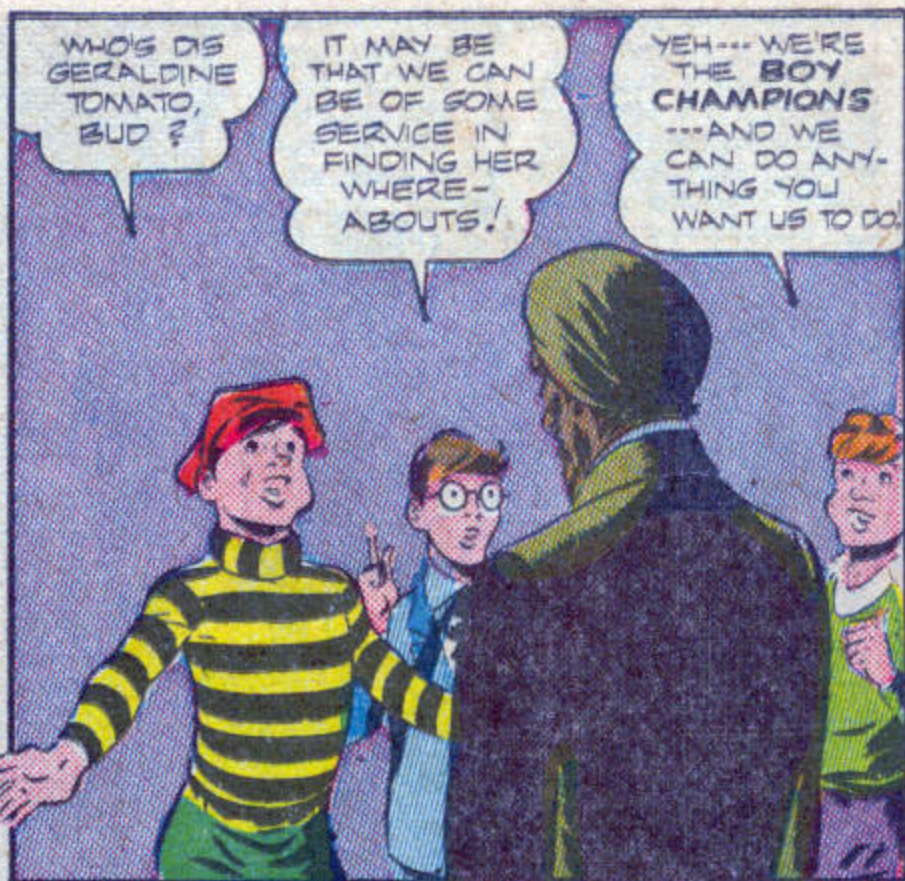






SHE... SHE ISN'T IN HERE! MY GERALDINE ---WHERE CAN SHE BE? WHY DID THEY STEAL HER?

I OUGHTA RUN YOU IN FOR STARTING ALL THAT FUSS FOR NOTHING! NEXT TIME BE SURE YOU KNOW WHO STOLE THIS GERALDINE OF YOURS BEFORE YOU CALL A COP!



WHO'S DIS GERALDINE TOMATO, BUD?

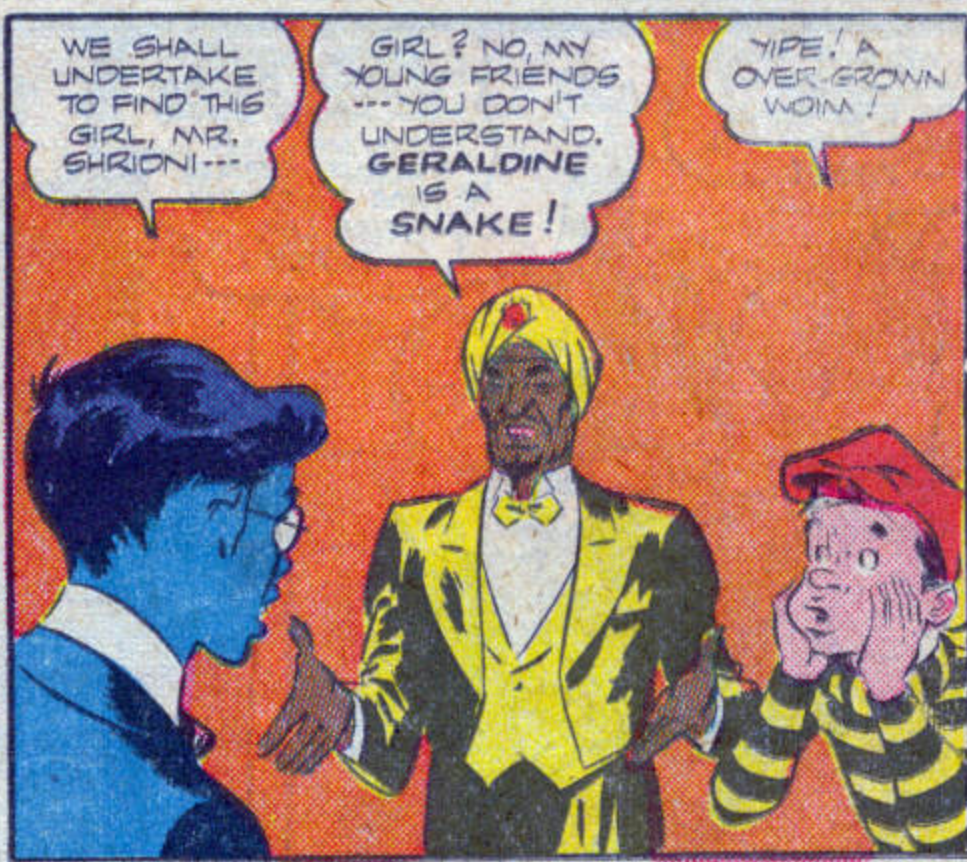
IT MAY BE THAT WE CAN BE OF SOME SERVICE IN FINDING HER WHERE-ABOUTS!

YEH--- WE'RE THE **BOY CHAMPIONS** ---AND WE CAN DO ANY-THING YOU WANT US TO DO!



I AM **SHRIDNI THE GREAT!** I AM A YOGI PHYSICIAN--CURING THE TROUBLED HEARTS OF PEOPLE! THIS MORNING SEVERAL GANGSTERS ATTACKED ME AND KIDNAPPED MY GERALDINE, WHO HAS ALWAYS HELPED ME. SHE'S BEEN LIKE MY OWN DAUGHTER TO ME...

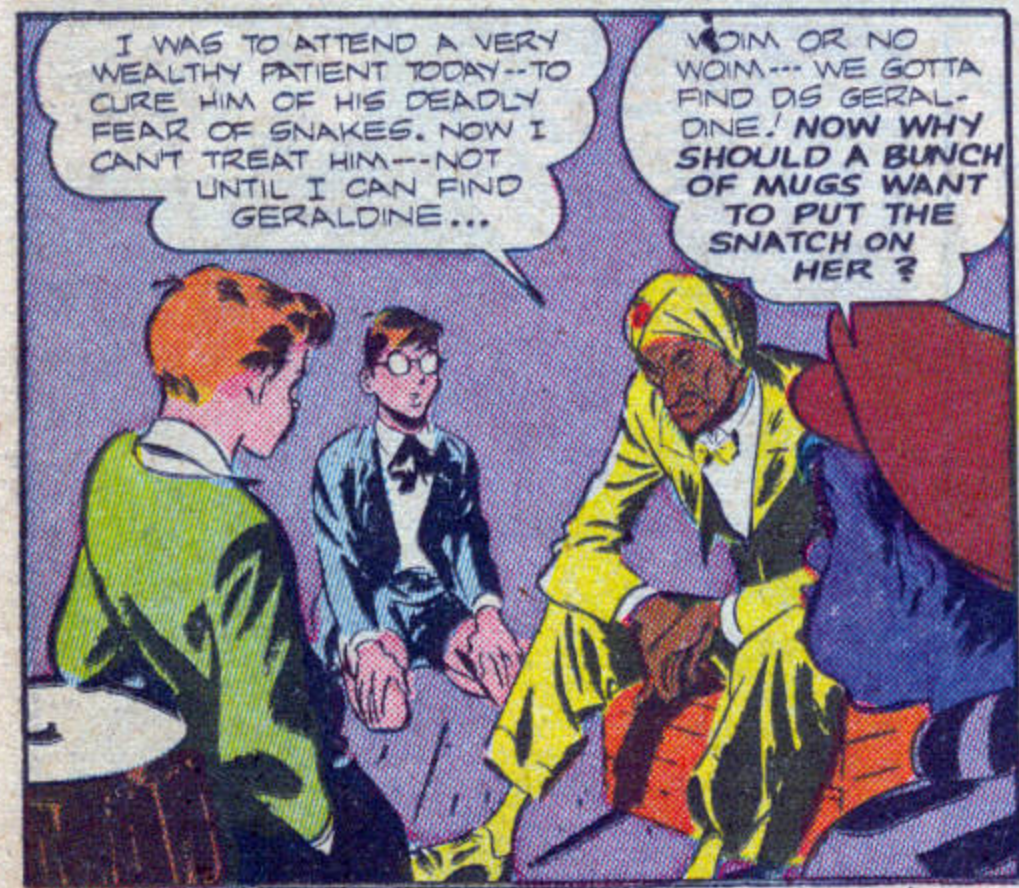
GEE! DAT'S TOUGH!



WE SHALL UNDERTAKE TO FIND THIS GIRL, MR. SHRIDNI---

GIRL? NO, MY YOUNG FRIENDS ---YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. **GERALDINE IS A SNAKE!**

YIPE! A OVER-GROWN WOIM!



I WAS TO ATTEND A VERY WEALTHY PATIENT TODAY--TO CURE HIM OF HIS DEADLY FEAR OF SNAKES. NOW I CANT TREAT HIM---NOT UNTIL I CAN FIND GERALDINE...

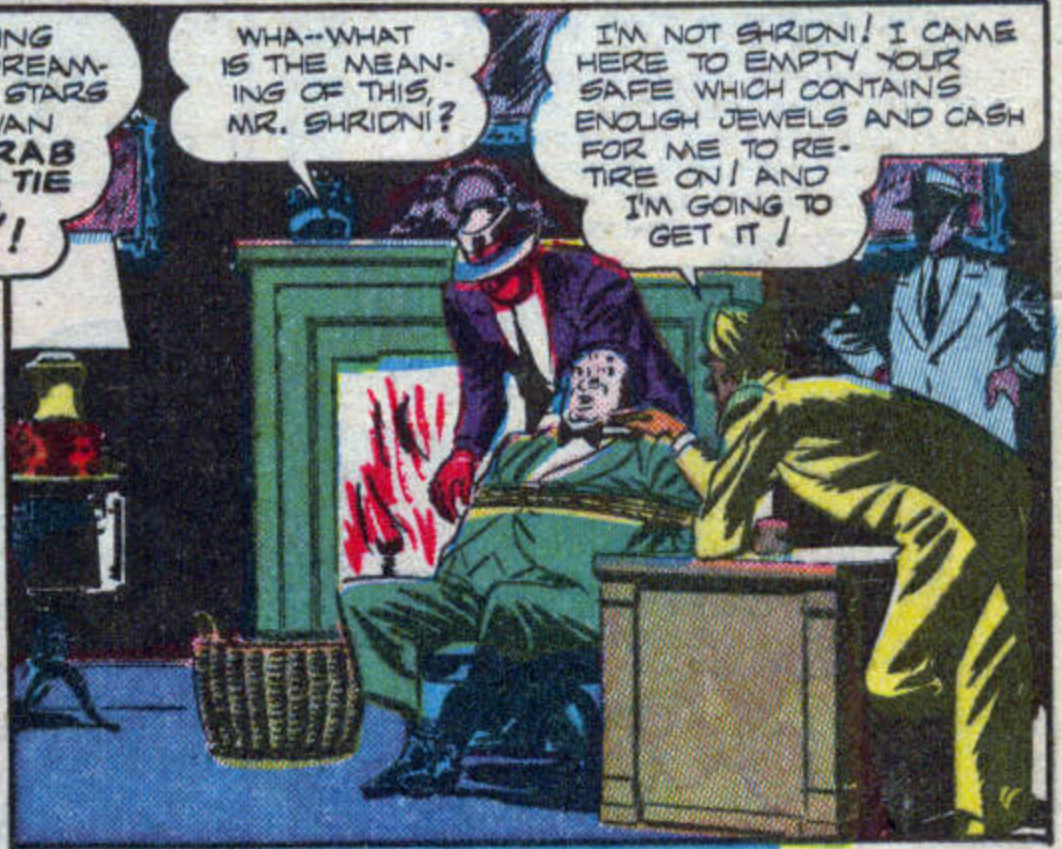
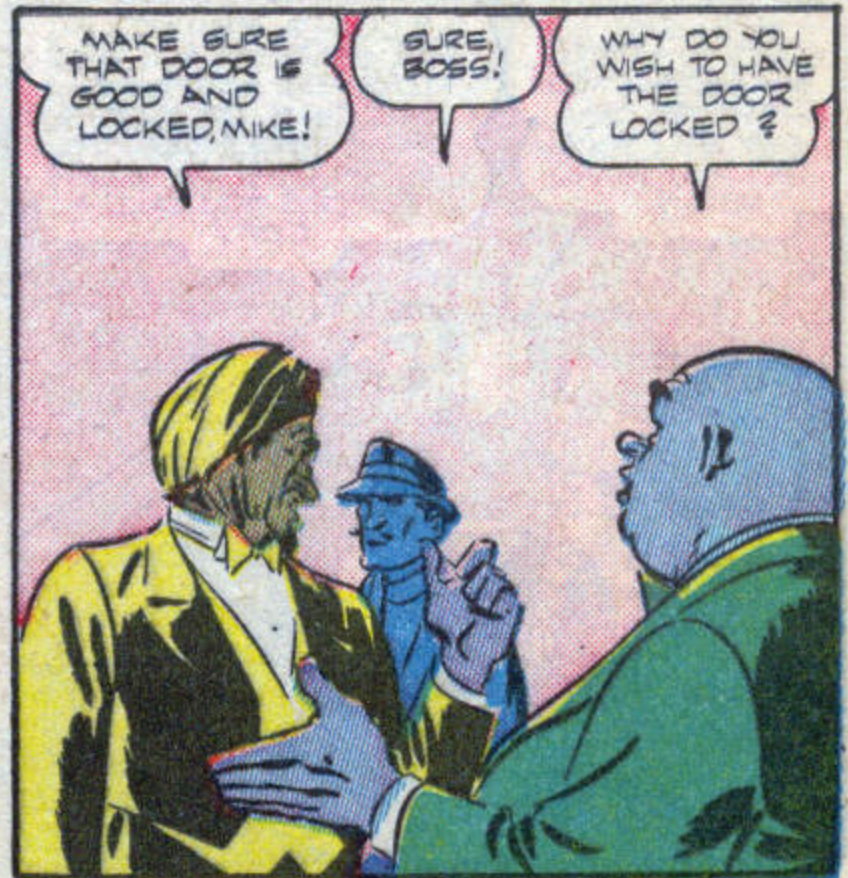
WOIM OR NO WOIM--- WE GOTTA FIND DIS GERALDINE! **NOW WHY SHOULD A BUNCH OF MUGS WANT TO PUT THE SNATCH ON HER?**



WHY INDEED! THE ANSWER IS EVEN AT THAT MOMENT BEING ACTED OUT AT THE HOME OF SHRIDNI'S WEALTHY PATIENT...

I AM THE GREAT SHRIDNI. MR. VAN PLUMP IS EXPECTING ME!

YES GIR. WON'T YOU COME IN, SIR?



BUT BACK IN THEIR LITTLE SHACK... THE BOY CHAMPIONS ARE NOT IDLE!



DIS REQUIRES BRAIN WOIK--AND DAT'S WHERE I COME IN! DESE GORILLAS SNATCHED A FANCY WOM ON ACCOUNT OF DA WOM WAS GONNA BE USED TO STRAIGHTEN OUT A MILLIONAIRE DAT WAS SEEING PINK ELEPHANTS AND SNAKES! ANT DAT SO F

I BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE COVERED THE SUBJECT ADEQUATELY EVEN IF YOU DID USE PICTURESQUE LANGUAGE...

SO DAT WHOLE THING IS A CINC! DEM MUGS MUST BE POSING AS MR. SHRIDNI TO CRACK DIS MILLIONAIRE'S JOINT!



THAT MAKES SENSE TO ME! WE ANT GOT NOTHING TO LOSE IF WE HOP OVER TO THIS GUY VAN PLUMP'S JOINT AND TAKE A GANDER AT WHAT'S HAR PENING!

DEN WOT ARE YOUSE GUNS WAITING FOR? LET'S GET GOING!



SHORTLY AFTER...

WE CAN'T GO IN DA FRONT WAY! IF DEM BUMS IS IN DERE -- IT'S GONNA TIP DEM OFF! LET'S CRASH DA JOINT TROO DIS GARDEN!

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, TUFFY! EVERYBODY BE VERY CAREFUL AND QUIET!



WOT DID I TELL YOUSE GUNS! DERE'S DA RATE!

MY GERALDINE! THAT'S HER BASKET ON THE TABLE! I MUST GET TO HER! SHE NEEDS ME IN THIS EMERGENCY!

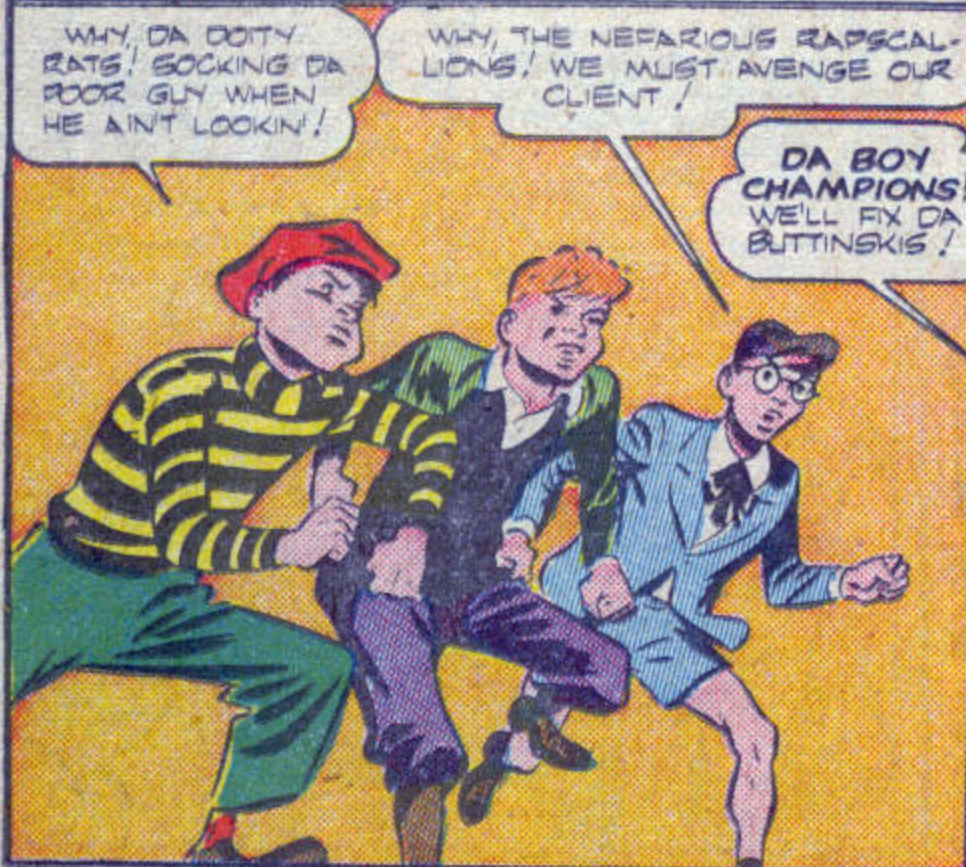


HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T---

GERALDINE! DEAR, DEAR GERALDINE!

WHA--! IT'S DAT SAD WE GOT THE SNAKE FROM! GET HIM!





WHY DA DUTY RATS! SOCKING DA POOR GUY WHEN HE AIN'T LOOKIN'!

WHY, THE NEFARIOUS RADSCAL-LIONS! WE MUST AVENGE OUR CLIENT!

DA BOY CHAMPIONS! WE'LL FIX DA BUTTINSKIS!



OOF!

BUTTINSKIS IS DA RIGHT WOOD, PAL!



OOPS! LOOK OUT! THE SNAKE WILL GET LOOSE!

WE INTEND TO SEE THAT YOU SNAKES WILL NOT...



THE--THE SNAKES ARE LOOSE!

WE'RE TRAPPED! THESE SNAKES WILL KILL US IF WE TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS CORNER!

WHAT'LL WE DO, BOSS?



THE COPS MIGHT GET HERE ANY MINUTE--- THEY'LL SAVE US FROM THE SNAKES!

YEH? HOW'LL DA COPS KNOW WE'RE IN DIS FIX? AND DEM SNAKES IS CREEPING UP ON US! WE'RE SUNK!



I CAN STOP DEM WOIMS--- IF YOUSE GUYS TON YOUR GUNS OVER TO ME PALS AND TOGS IN DA TOWEL!

BUT, TUFFY--HOW CAN YOU ACCOMPLISH SUCH A FEAT?

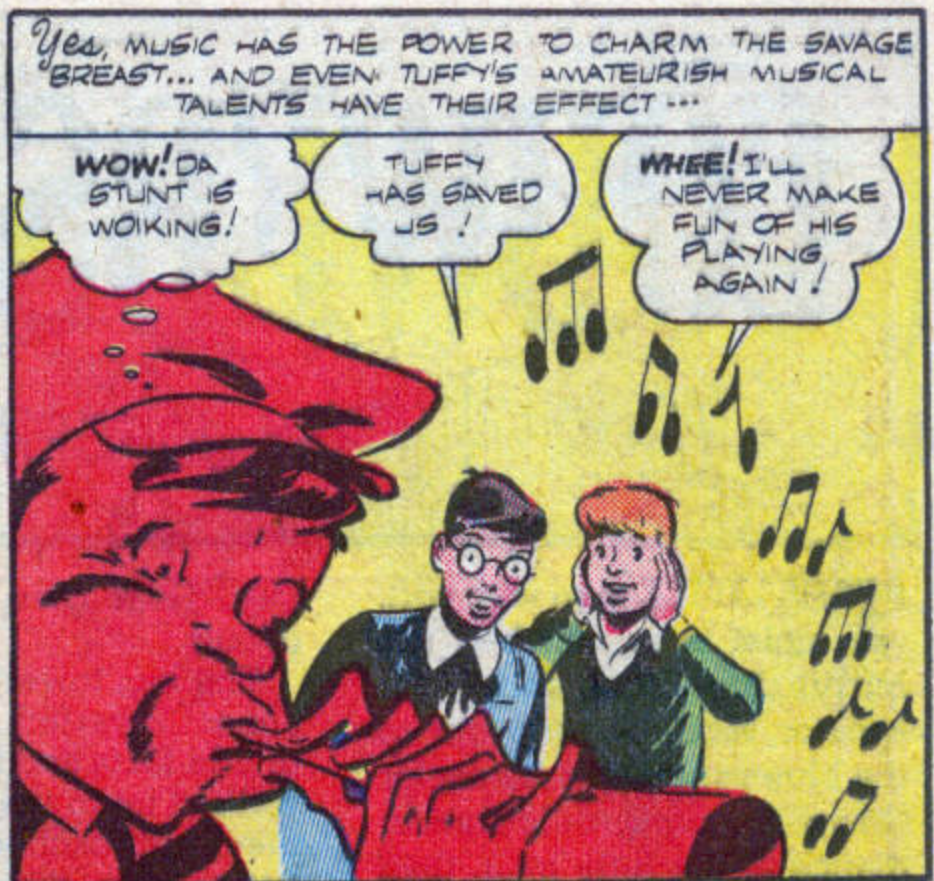
NEVER MIND HOW, KID! JUST DO IT--AND HERE'S MY GUN!



OKAY, TUFFY,
WE GOT THESE
MUGS COVERED!

NOW I'LL
CALL OFF THE
SNAKES!
TIE THEM
UP!

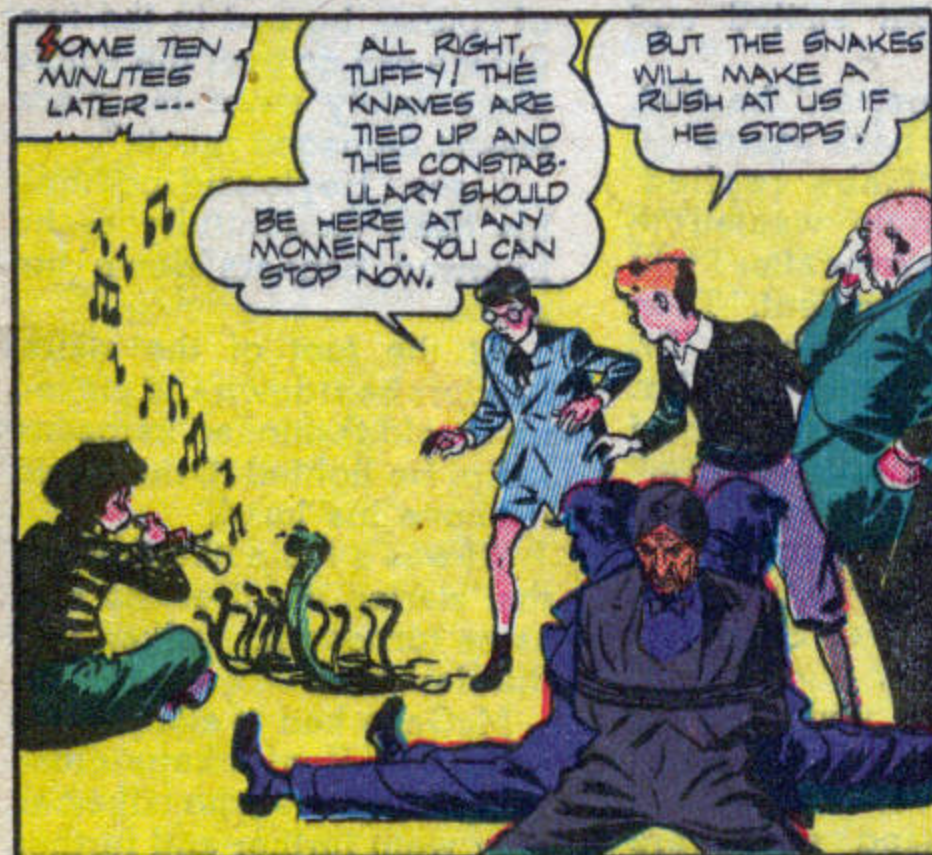
I HOPE
DIS WOIKS!



WOW! DA
STUNT IS
WOIKING!

TUFFY
HAS SAVED
US!

WHEE! I'LL
NEVER MAKE
FUN OF HIS
PLAYING
AGAIN!



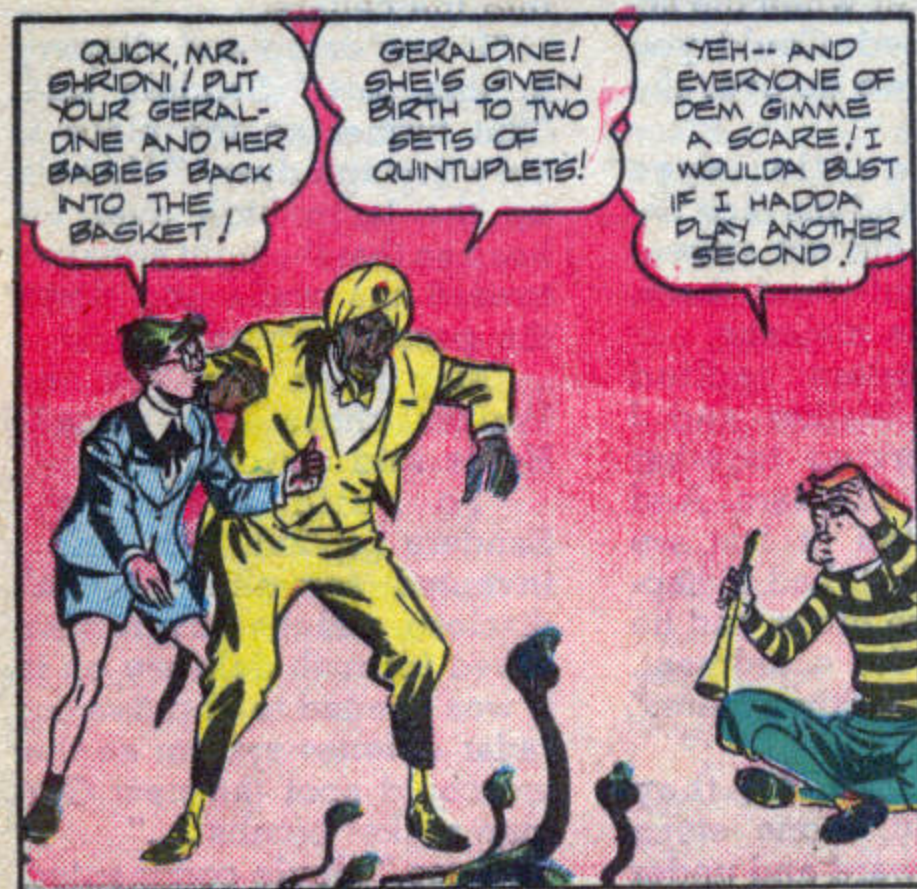
SOME TEN
MINUTES
LATER ---

ALL RIGHT,
TUFFY! THE
KNAVES ARE
TIED UP AND
THE CONSTAB-
ULARY SHOULD
BE HERE AT ANY
MOMENT. YOU CAN
STOP NOW.

BUT THE SNAKES
WILL MAKE A
RUSH AT US IF
HE STOPS!



QUITE SO---HE CAN'T
STOP! BUT MR. SHRIDI
WILL TAKE CARE OF
HIS SNAKES WHEN HE
WAKES UP---



QUICK, MR.
SHRIDNI! PUT
YOUR GERAL-
DINE AND HER
BABIES BACK
INTO THE
BASKET!

GERALDINE!
SHE'S GIVEN
BIRTH TO TWO
SETS OF
QUINTUPLETS!

YEH-- AND
EVERYONE OF
DEM GIMME
A SCARE! I
WOULDA BUST
IF I HADDA
PLAY ANOTHER
SECOND!



TWO SETS OF
QUINTUPLETS---
OOOOHH!

HE'S FAINTED!
QUICK, TUFFY, THE
CLARINET!

WOTTA LIFE!
WOTTA LIFE!

AND TROUBLE COMES IN QUINTUPLETS FOR THE
BOY CHAMPIONS NEXT MONTH!

COBWEBS of DEATH

BY JOSEPH VERDY

THE LITTLE man with soft, moist eyes watched the burly, broadshouldered Inspector McGabe step out of the blue sedan. The Inspector threw a quick, calculating glance at the little man, then turned and held the door of the car open for a short, wiry man with a clean-shaven, cherubic face who followed him out.

"This is the Old Mill, Dr. Hoyle," the inspector nodded toward the smouldering ruins of a building recently burned down.

"And I think we're crazy for coming out here. I can't figure why you want to go poking around the place."

Dr. Hoyle chuckled. "You forget that I like to collect odd facts, Mac."

"You've got enough already to make Ripley's *Believe It or Not* look like a school kid's collection."

"I think I can add another bit of queer information to my collection. At least what you told me about the fire here makes me think so."

"Don't tell me you believe the place is haunted!" McGabe exclaimed, raising his hat slightly to scratch his bald head. "Every village in the world's got its haunted house. And this Old Mill happens to be this town's spook factory."

"No, I don't believe in ghosts, Mac. But a man was burned to death in the cellars of this Old Mill. And I'd like to look the place over."

"Okay." McGabe shrugged his shoulders. "The little guy giving us the eye over there happens to be an eye-witness,

Doc. He'll give you all the details."

The big, towering detective almost dwarfed the collector of odd facts and items as they walked up to the ruins. When they approached closer the little man who had been watching them smiled and nodded.

"Hello, Inspector," he said. "I see you're back again."

"Yes," McGabe replied. "Dr. Sam Hoyle wanted to look the ruins over after I told him about the accident." Then McGabe turned to Hoyle. "Dr. Hoyle, I want you to meet Mr. Sanders. He's the partner of the man who died in the fire."

"Glad to meet you," Sanders murmured politely.

"Well, Doc Hoyle, wants to look the cellar over, Sanders," McGabe began.

"I wonder if you can take us down there, Mr. Sanders," Hoyle said.

"I understand you were with Mr. Walker when the accident happened. Could you describe it as we go over the place?"

Sanders' gentle eyes clouded over and his face became sad. He did not answer for a while, but stood there, staring into the distance.

"Yes," Sanders replied slowly. "Jim Walker and I had been working together for more than 12 years. And now—now when at last we had succeeded—it had to happen!" His voice broke and he looked away for a moment. "But I'll take you down there."

NEAR THE RUINS, they found old, stone steps leading downward and under what remained of the Old

Mill. Sanders pointed to the stairs.

"We can go down here," he said. "The cellars of this mill had been practically carved out of solid stone. The walls, ceilings and floors had wooden coverings. The wood, of course, burned in the fire. But we can go over the whole place safely since the place wasn't damaged much."

"I see," Hoyle said, nodding his head thoughtfully as he followed Sanders down the stairs.

At the foot of the stairs, Sanders bent down and picked up an old fashioned kerosene lamp. He lighted it, then held it above his head.

"It was a lamp like this one that started the fire," he said as he turned and walked into the darkness.

McGabe had to stoop as he followed. Hoyle kept close beside Sanders who talked as they went further and further into the cellars.

"It was damp and slippery in this part," Sanders said. "But further on the place is very dry and dusty." He held up the lamp high over his head so that the light streaked toward the walls and down the passage ahead.

"May I ask why you and Walker chose this place?" Hoyle said curiously.

"To build a factory," Sanders replied. "Jim and I invented something I can't disclose, and the government asked for rush delivery on it. It was needed to improve our radar defense system so that we could spot the new German rocket bombs..."

"I see," Hoyle commented. "I suppose your invention

will be very valuable after the war, too."

"Oh, yes," Sanders replied. He turned and looked into Hoyle's face. "That's what makes me feel so rotten inside," he added angrily. "Jim and I would have made a fortune through this invention. We would have had the money to build the kind of laboratories we'd always dreamed about! And now poor Jim'll never have the chance..."

"But you will," Hoyle said. "You'll have to carry on for the two of you!"

"Yes," Sanders said, sadly. "I control the invention now. I'll make millions out of it. But it won't be the same. Something's gone out of life for me! I'd rather have starved with Jim than become a millionaire without him!"

"I know how you must feel," Hoyle said. "After working side by side for 12 years..."

"We sort of got used to each other," Sanders said. Then he raised the lamp higher, and pointed ahead. His shadow bent around the walls eerily. "Right ahead is where it happened," he added.

"Can you describe it?" Sam Hoyle asked.

Sanders cleared his throat. "Yeh, I guess I can." He walked ahead toward a doorway. When he reached it, he stopped and let the light stream into a large room. Hoyle stood beside him, looking in.

"Jim and I looked around for a good site for our plant. You understand, we had to produce the equipment without any publicity. So I chose this out-of-the-way place and figured that this cellar was big enough to make an underground factory. Both of us came down here to look it over. We borrowed a couple of kerosene lamps from the farm nearby."

They walked to the center of the room, stepping over half-burned beams and the ash of those completely con-

sumed by the fire. Hoyle sniffed the air cautiously.

"There seems to be plenty of fresh air here," he commented.

"Yes," Sanders agreed. "It would have been an ideal place to work in. There's another couple of openings into this place so that ventilation is good. Of course, we planned to improve it..."

"At any rate," Hoyle continued, "there's no dust in here."

"No, but there were plenty of cobwebs. The place was just full of them. Big ones, too. There was one that covered the door from top to bottom," Sanders said, turning to the door through which they came.

HOYLE and the silent McGabe also turned and stared at the doorway at their backs. There was something queer about the place. A smell of ages, of forgotten time, of lost memories. They couldn't quite understand it, but they began to feel uneasy.

"Don't you think you've seen enough, Doc?" McGabe pleaded. "Let's get out of here."

"I felt the same way when we came in," Sanders said. "It made me feel—well, chilly right down the middle of my spine. I told Jim that we'd seen enough and suggested we leave until the place could be cleaned out. Those cobwebs made me think of huge spiders—and I didn't like it."

"This cellar," Hoyle said, ignoring McGabe's plea, "seems to be in the center of the place."

"Yes," Sanders said. "Right plumb in the middle of where the Old Mill stood. And it's the room the villagers believe the ghosts stay in."

"That makes me feel just dandy," McGabe said, looking over his shoulder uneasily.

"I didn't want to go in," Sanders continued. "But Jim just broke through the cobwebs and pushed ahead. I

stood in the doorway and watched him. I guess that's what saved my life..."

"What do you mean?" Hoyle asked.

"Well, Jim walked right through to the center. Just about where we are standing now. The cobwebs were thick around him, especially hanging from the ceiling over his head. Jim raised his lamp high over his head and turned to speak to me. But he never had a chance to say a word..." Sanders turned around him painfully.

"Some of the cobwebs must have come too close to the lamp he was holding up. They must have touched the flame—and the next instant they flared up." Sanders stopped, glanced around the room again, then turning toward the door, said: "It was horrible! One second Jim was standing there, happy, laughing at me! The next thing the cobwebs were a sheet of flame—and Jim in the center screaming for help!"

He walked toward the doorway. "Let's get out of here," Sanders said. "I keep seeing Jim's face—" his voice broke.

They came out of the cellar into the clear, fresh air. McGabe turned to Sanders. "Thanks for showing us around," he said.

"That's all right," Sanders replied.

"No, it isn't," Sam Hoyle said. "I came here looking for a queer item to add to my collection. I wanted to find cobwebs that flare up and burn instantaneously. Instead, I found a vicious killer! Arrest him for the murder of Jim Walker, Mac."

"What!" McGabe exclaimed, amazed. "How do you know that?"

"He told me so himself," Hoyle explained. "Sanders probably soaked the place with gasoline and led his partner into the death trap! But you can be sure of this, Mac—cobwebs don't flare up and burn!"

The End

Angus MacErc



HOLLYWOOD, THAT FABULOUS PLACE
WHERE IT HAS BEEN TRULY SAID, THAT
ANYTHING IS MORE LIKELY TO HAPPEN...
AND PLUNKED DOWN SMACK IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE TOWN THAT HAS BEEN
CALLED NOT A PLACE, BUT A STATE OF MIND,
WE FIND OUR PRACTICAL JOKING PIXY
WITH THE WHIM OF IRON, YOUR FRIEND,
AND OUR FRIEND, *Angus MacErc*, IN

"HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD!"

SIR ALEXANDER STRINGER'S CINEMA STUDIO.

EGAD!
GIRL, NO!
WHETSTONE
SHARP! WHAT
KIND OF A
DIRECTOR,
ARE YOU?

WHO?
ME? THE
BEST HORROR
DIRECTOR IN
FAIR
ALBION!

GAD! HORROR?
LOOK AT THAT GIRL.
SHE LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'S
BEEN TICKLED, NOT
FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!
IF YOU'RE THE BEST
HORROR DIRECTOR ENGLAND
HAS, SHARP, YOU'D BETTER
GO TO AMERICA AND
LEARN A THING OR THREE!



IF SIR ALEX
STRINGER WEREN'T
THE PRODUCER, I'D
JOLLY WELL TELL
HIM WHAT FOR!

WELL,
WHAT
FOR?



I DON'T CARE WHAT
THE NASTY PRODUCER
SAID, ALGERNON. I
THINK YOU'RE QUITE
HORRIBLE, DEAR!

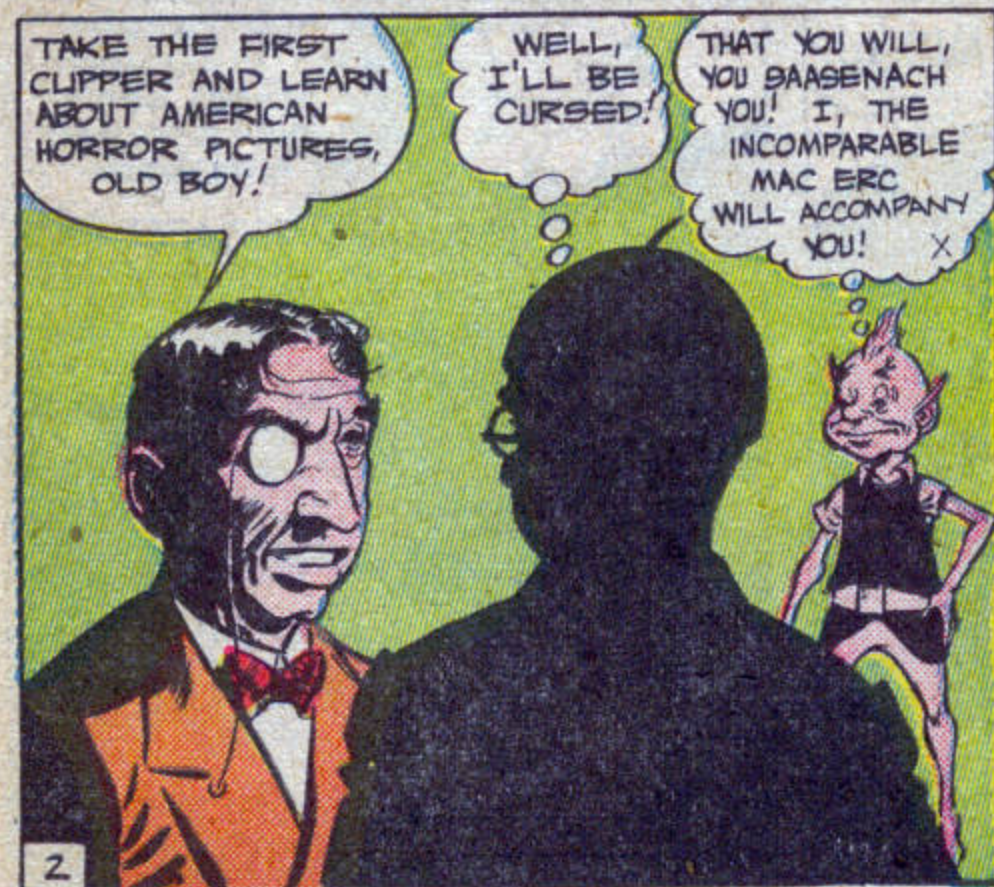
THANK YOU, MY DEAR,
BUT SOMETIMES I THINK
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
WHO THINKS I'M TRULY
HORRIBLE. PERHAPS
LOVE IS BLIND!



TAKE THE FIRST
CLIPPER AND LEARN
ABOUT AMERICAN
HORROR PICTURES,
OLD BOY!

WELL,
I'LL BE
CURSED!

THAT YOU WILL,
YOU GAASENACH
YOU! I, THE
INCOMPARABLE
MAC ERC
WILL ACCOMPANY
YOU! X



ENROUTE TO AMERICA...

IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A SELF
RESPECTING GNOME OUT OF HIS
MIND! BOMBS HERE, BOMBS THERE!
THE PEOPLE ARE SO BUSY
DICKING BOMBS, THEY DON'T EVEN
NOTICE US ANY MORE. BUT ALL
THAT WILL BE CHANGED IN
THIS NEW COUNTRY THAT
AWAITS US!







I GUESS I BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THINKING I SAW THE LITTLE PEOPLE, NOW THEN... HE PASSED OUT!

NOT A VERY HARDY TYPE, IS HE? BETTER GET HIM TO THE STUDIO BEFORE THE PAPERS FIND OUT HE'S A GISSY!



WHEN WHETSTONE SHARP OPENS HIS EYES...

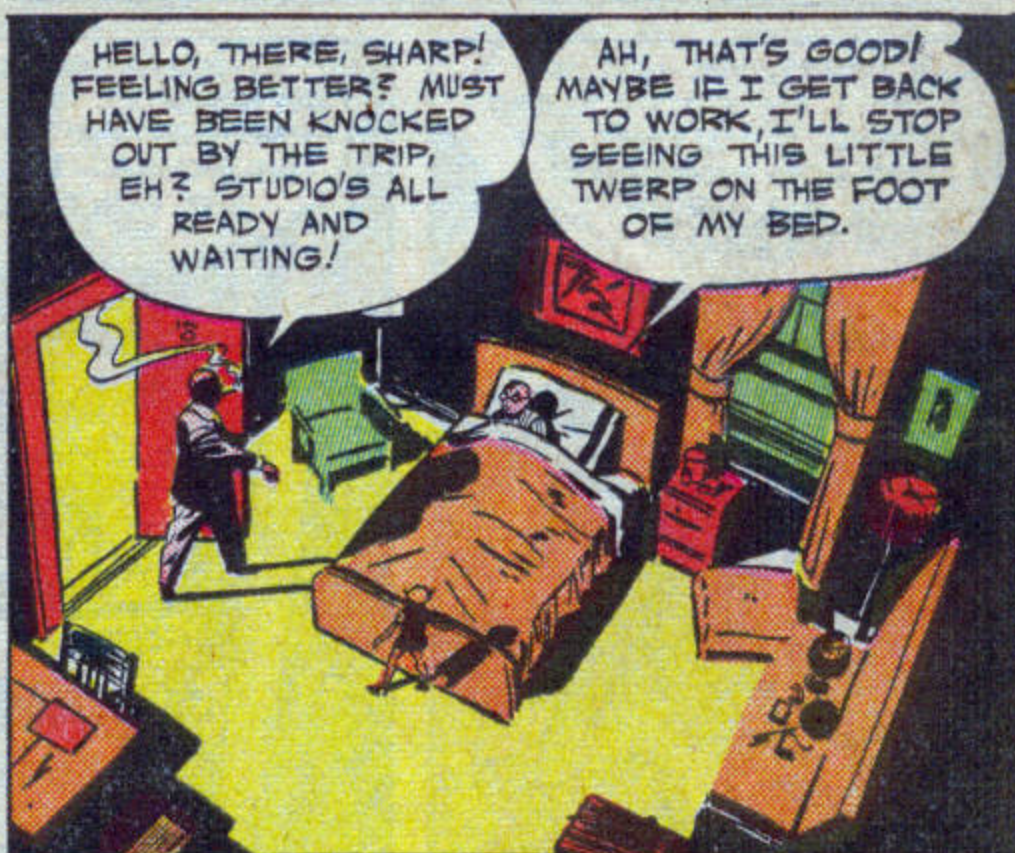
WHERE AM I?

FAR AS I CAN SEE, IT SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF DRESSING ROOM!



OH, IS IT? WHO ARE YOU?

ANGUS MAC ERC, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT-TEE-HEE!



HELLO, THERE, SHARP! FEELING BETTER? MUST HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT BY THE TRIP, EH? STUDIO'S ALL READY AND WAITING!

AH, THAT'S GOOD! MAYBE IF I GET BACK TO WORK, I'LL STOP SEEING THIS LITTLE TWERP ON THE FOOT OF MY BED.



LITTLE TWERP! I'LL MAKE YOU RUE THAT. HEY! WHAT IS THIS! DO I LOOK LIKE AN ASH TRAY?

THERE'S A CAR WAITING FOR YOU, SHARP!



I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU OVERSTUFFED BABOON! "FIRE-FIRE STAY AWAY... DON'T LIGHT HIS SMOKE ON ANY DAY!"

HE'S PUTTING SOME KIND OF A CURSE ON THE PRODUCER! OH, FINE, THIS IS ALL I NEEDED!



THE IDEA! MY CIGAR IS OUT! SOMEONE WILL BE FIRED FOR THIS!

YES SIR!

YES SIR!



WHAT'S THIS? YOU'RE BOTH FIRED!

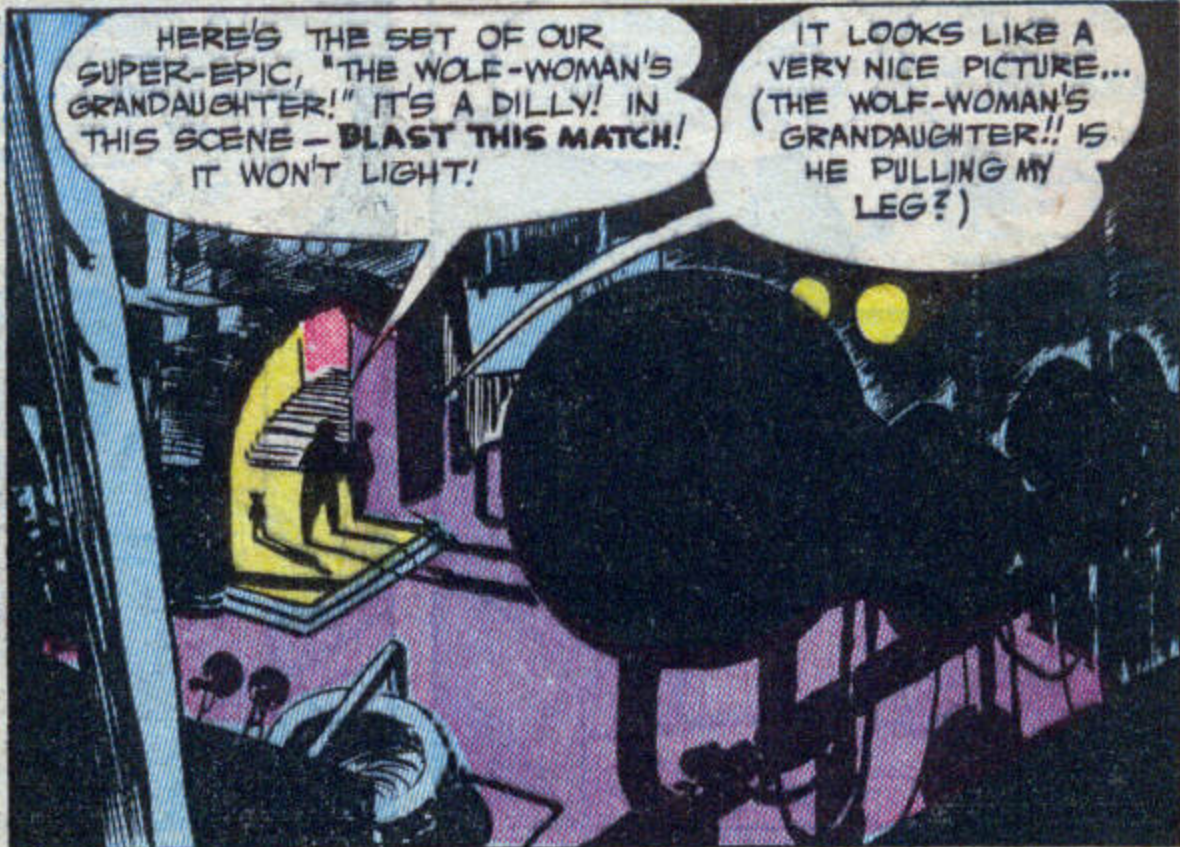
OF COURSE, SIR!

NATURALLY, SIR!



BAH! WHAT'S THE USE OF MAKING A THOUSAND DOLLARS A SECOND, IF YOU CAN'T GET A LIGHT FOR YOUR CIGAR! YOU'RE ALL FIRED! COME ON SHARP!

GULP, YES SIR!



HERE'S THE SET OF OUR SUPER-EPIC, "THE WOLF-WOMAN'S GRANDDAUGHTER!" IT'S A DILLY! IN THIS SCENE - **BLAST THIS MATCH!** IT WON'T LIGHT!

IT LOOKS LIKE A VERY NICE PICTURE... (THE WOLF-WOMAN'S GRANDDAUGHTER!! IS HE PULLING MY LEG?)



LIGHT! ACTION! CAMERA!

HEH-HEH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WHITE NECK! I SHALL ENJOY THIS AS I HAVE FEW OF MY "NECKING" PARTIES!



NO! NO! NOT THAT WAY! LOOK, YOU'RE THE VAMPIRE, NOT A VILLAIN IN A FARCE! THINK OF IT THIS WAY! YOU'RE HUNGRY! YOU'VE LOST YOUR RATION BOOK, YOU HAVEN'T HAD ANY RED POINTS FOR MONTHS! NOW... ACT IT THAT WAY!



THAT'S IT!
THAT'S THE
WAY! SHOOT!

I MUST BE FEELING
BETTER, I DON'T SEE
THAT PIXY ANY MORE!



HOOT MON!
AND WHO
MIGHT YOU
BE?

ME? I'M A
REAL
VAMPIRE!



LOCH! THAT YOU ARE,
NOW THAT I LOOK
CLOSE! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I CAME TO
HOLLYWOOD
TO MAKE MY
NAME
FAMOUS...
BUT!



BUT
WHAT?

THEY WOULDN'T LET ME PLAY IN
THE MOVIES. SAID I WASN'T THE
TYPE! SO I COME HERE EVERY
DAY AND TRY TO LEARN HOW I
SHOULD LOOK!



THIS IS A VURRA
STRANGE PLACE,
INDEED! THERE'S
SOMETHING A
LITTLE UNREAL
ABOUT IT ALL!

TAKE THAT, YOU
CREATURE OF THE
UNDEAD! I'LL SEND
YOU BACK TO YOUR
UNHALLOWED
GRAVE, OR...



CUT! CUT! PHOOEY!
TAKE THAT
AGAIN!

IF THIS HAM DOESN'T STOP
UPSTAGING ME, I'LL QUIT!
PEOPLE COME TO THE MOVIES
TO SEE MY PROFILE, NOT THIS
BEAT UP OLD VAMPIRE!



WELL, THAT'S ALL THE WORK THEY'LL DO FOR THE DAY, I MAY AS WELL GO ABOUT MY BUSINESS!

THIS CAN'T BE REAL! I WONDER IF I'M HAVING A NIGHTMARE?



I'LL FIRE THE PACK OF YOU!

YOU CAN'T! I HAVE A CONTRACT!

I RESIGN! I WON'T WORK FOR SUCH A CRUMMY DIRECTOR!

HE WON'T WORK? HE CAN'T! I QUIT!



THE LUNCH WHISTLE BLOWS...

AH! LUNCH! COME MR. WHETSTONE SHARP, YOU ARE MY GUEST!

LUNCH, OH YES! QUITE!



THE STUDIO COMMISSARY...

I'M HAVING A PARTY! YOU'RE ALL INVITED FOR TONIGHT!

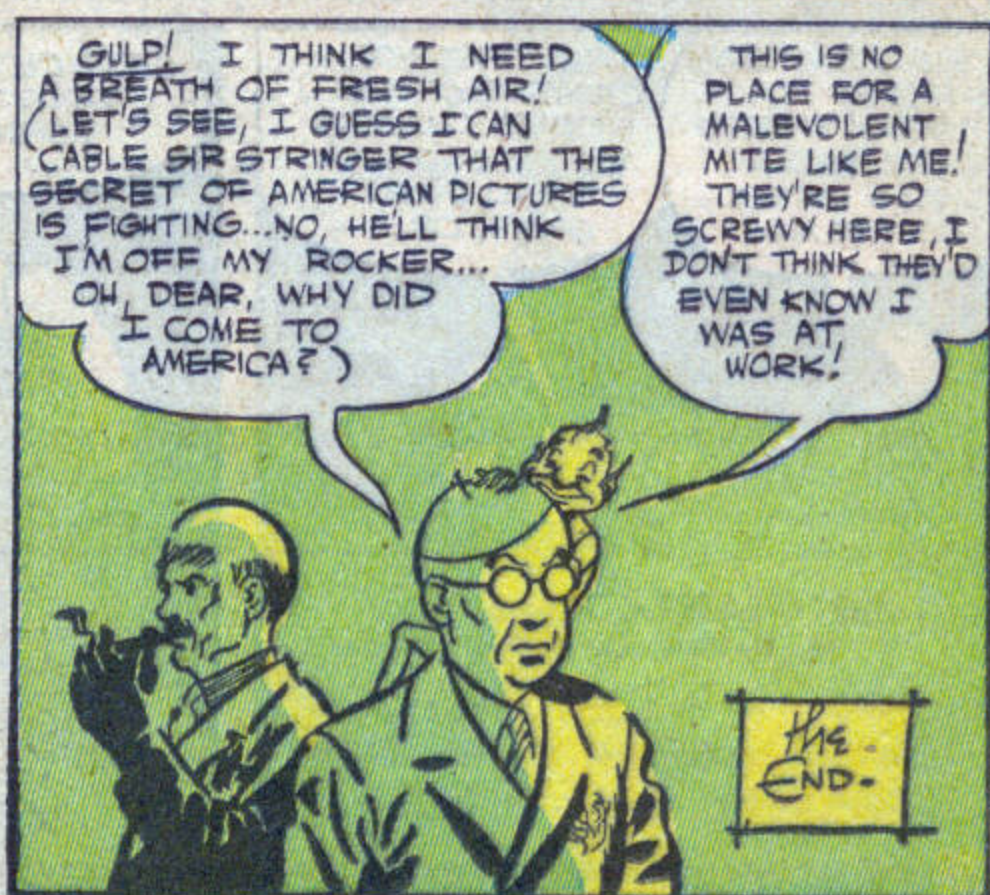
THANKS, OLD BOY! I'LL BE THERE BRIGHT AND EARLY!

ME TOO...I'LL BE THERE, DULL AND LATE!



BUT...BUT YOU WERE ALL FIGHTING NOT TWO MINUTES AGO!

OF COURSE! HOW ELSE ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE A PICTURE? THAT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR BEING FRIENDS!



GULP! I THINK I NEED A BREATH OF FRESH AIR! (LET'S SEE, I GUESS I CAN CABLE SIR STRINGER THAT THE SECRET OF AMERICAN PICTURES IS FIGHTING...NO, HE'LL THINK I'M OFF MY ROCKER... OH, DEAR, WHY DID I COME TO AMERICA?)

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A MALEVOLENT MITE LIKE ME! THEY'RE SO SCREWY HERE, I DON'T THINK THEY'D EVEN KNOW I WAS AT WORK!

THE END

FTQ SDQQZ XMYM EMKE: NGK IMD NAZPE MZP
EFMYB RAD HUOFADKI



Join the GREEN LAMA CLUB and you can read the above message!—Code No. 13. Not only do you receive the GREEN LAMA'S PERSONAL SECRET CODE, but as a member of the INNER CIRCLE, you will have the opportunity of receiving special magic tricks! Fill out the coupon below NOW!

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GREEN LAMA CLUB

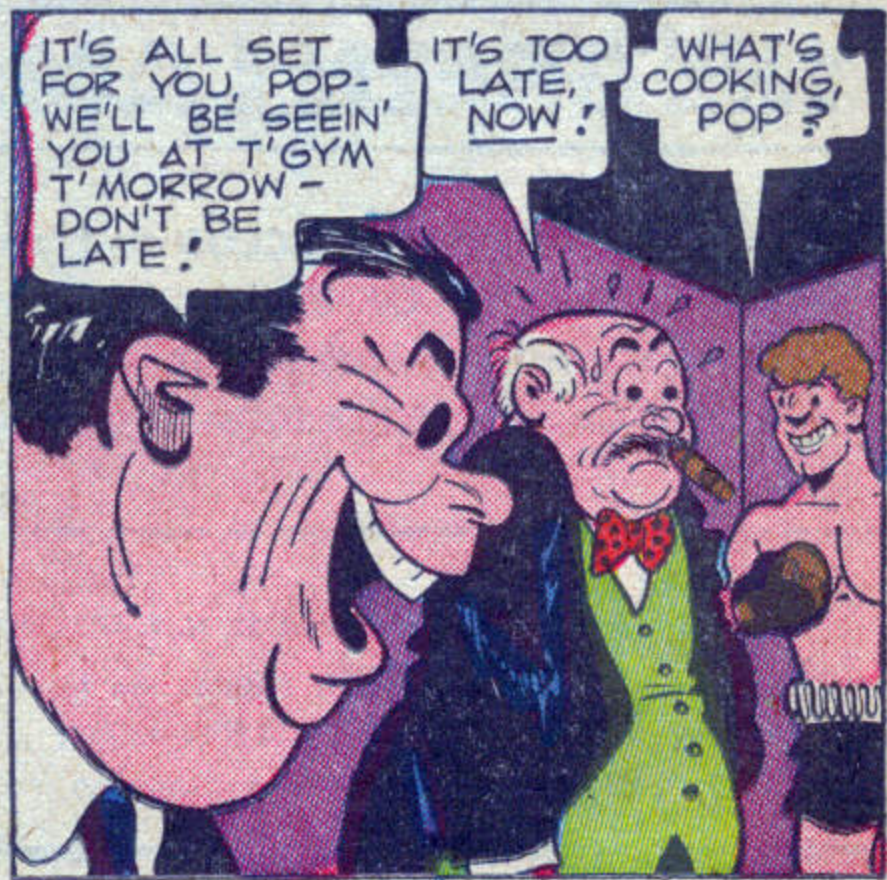
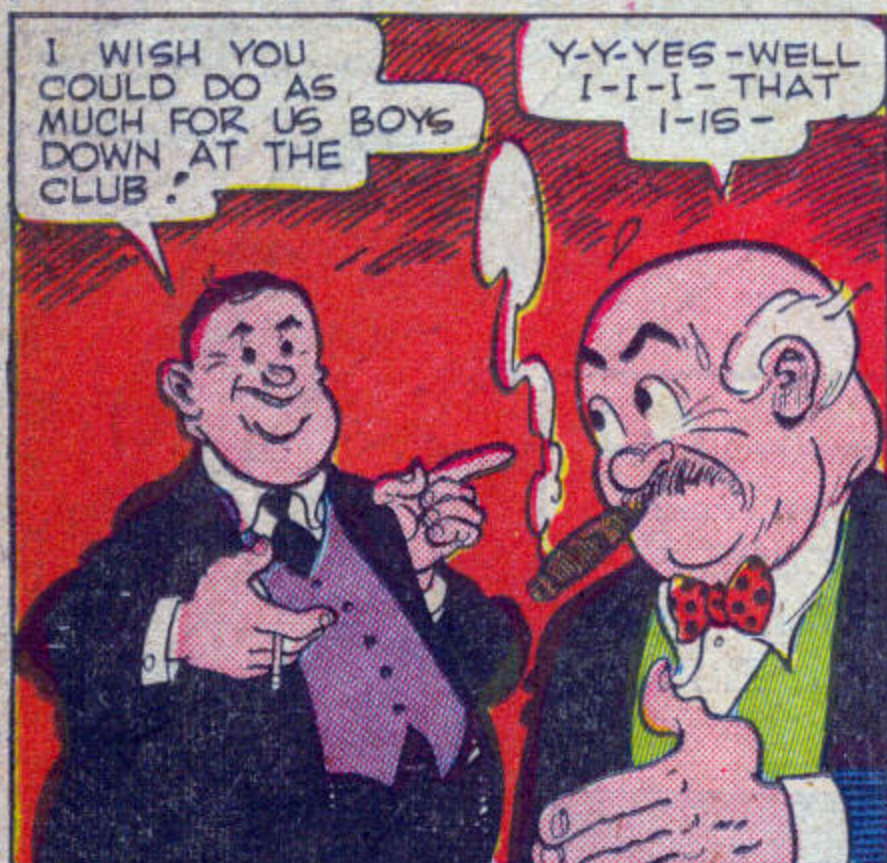
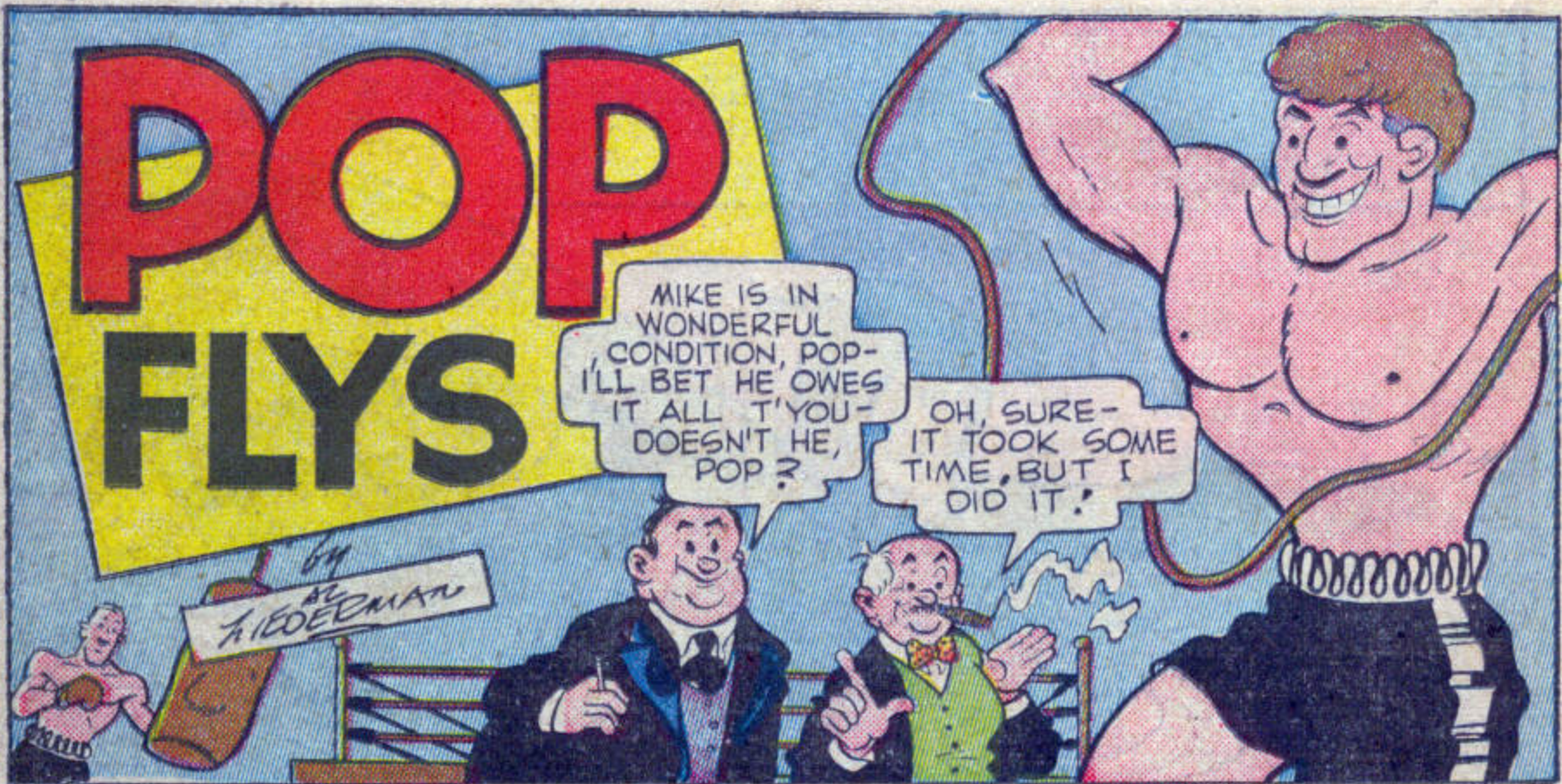
501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Here is my ten cents which entitles me to become a member of THE GREEN LAMA CLUB and to receive the Code and Escapo.

NAME.....

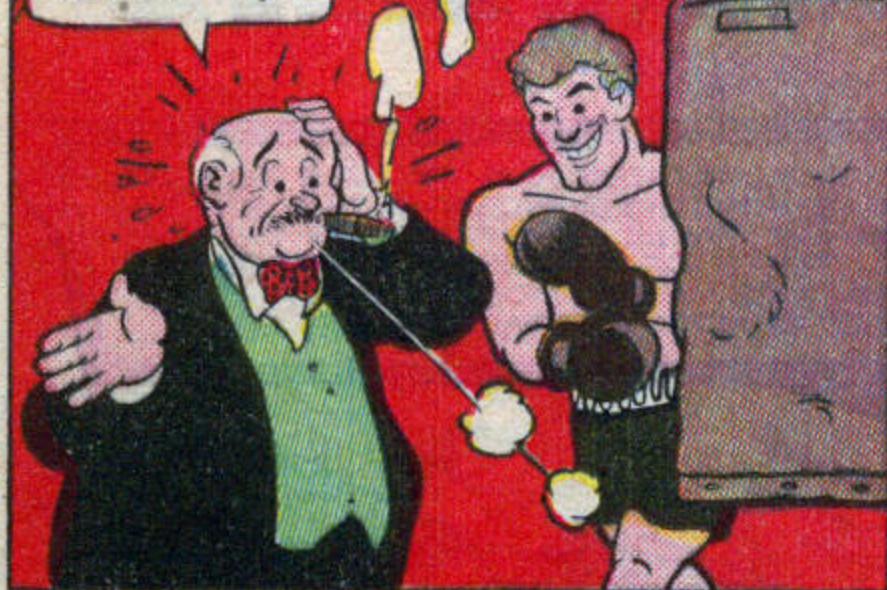
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....



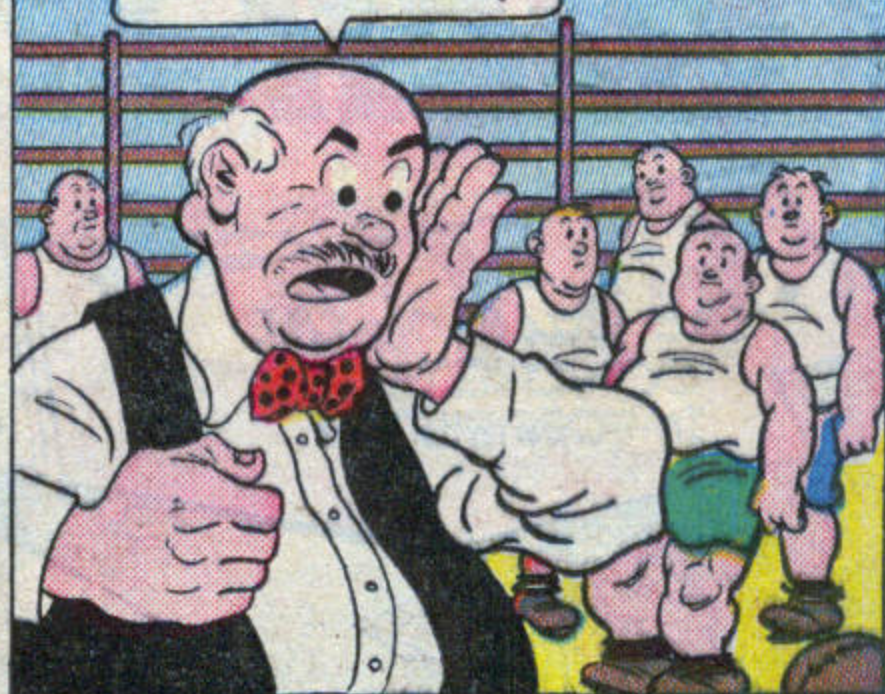
I WAS JUST TALKED
INTO GIVING T' BOYS
DOWN AT TH'
CLUB SOME
EXCERCISES AN'
I DON'T KNOW
T' FIRST THING
ABOUT IT.

HERE - LET
ME SHOW
Y' HOW!

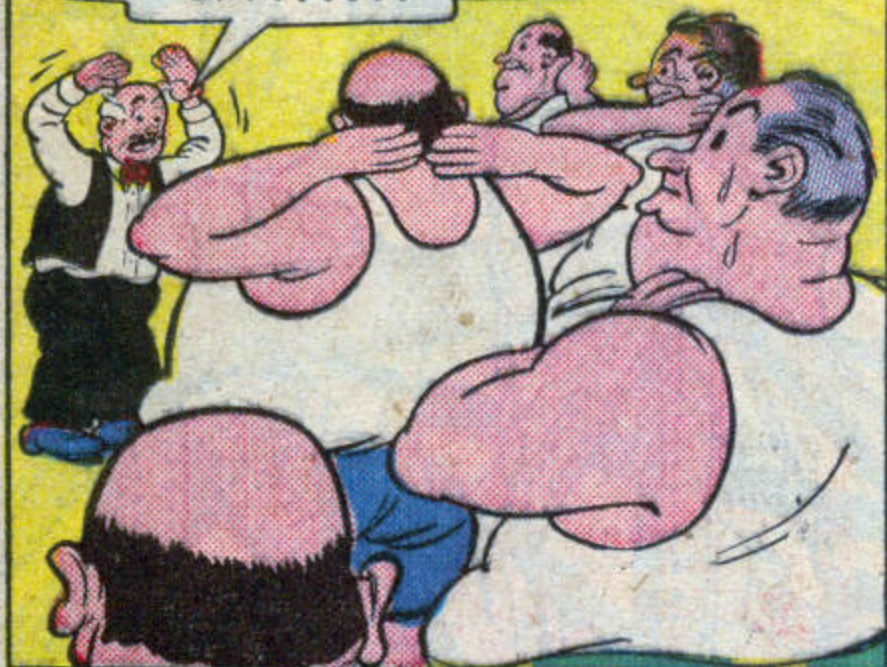


THE NEXT DAY:

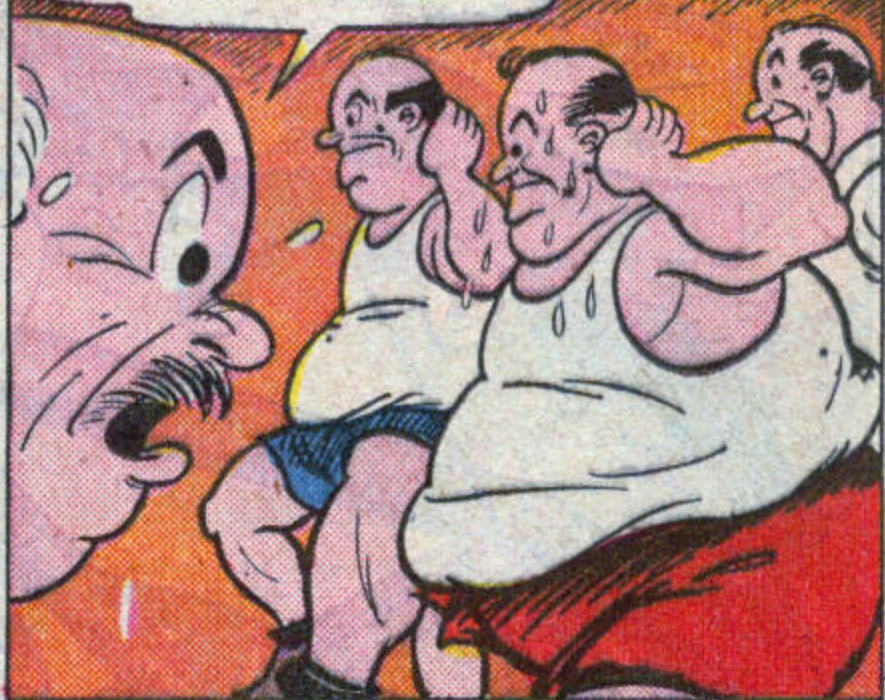
ALLRIGHT-MAKE TWO
LINES FACING ME, MEN-
ARE Y'READY?



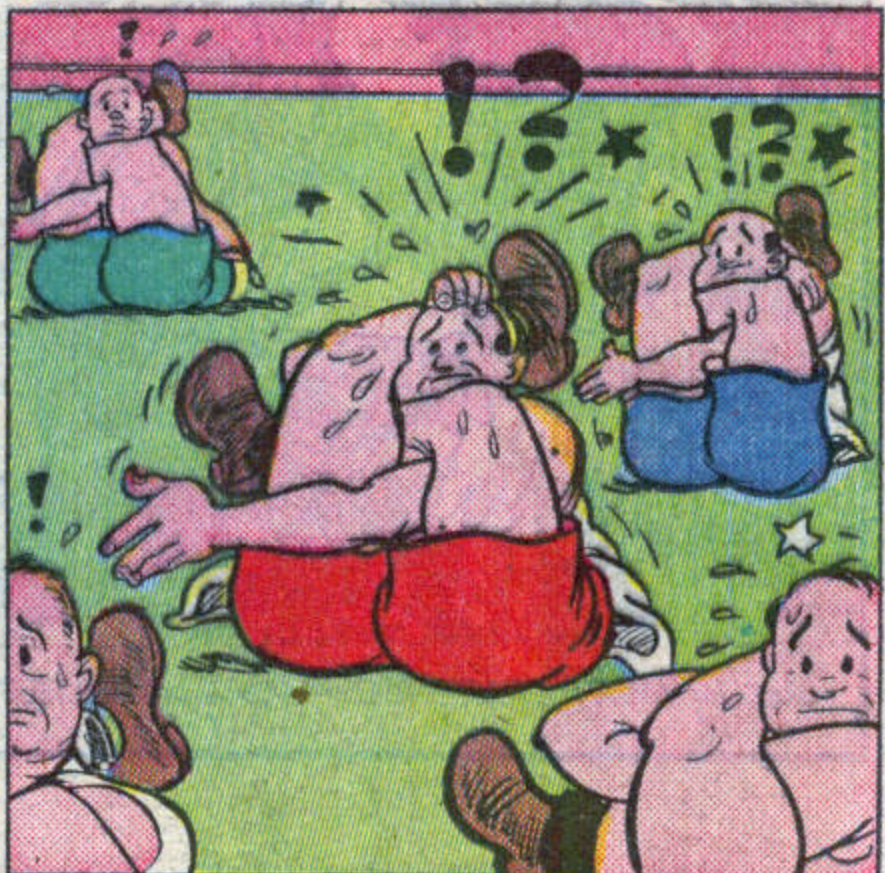
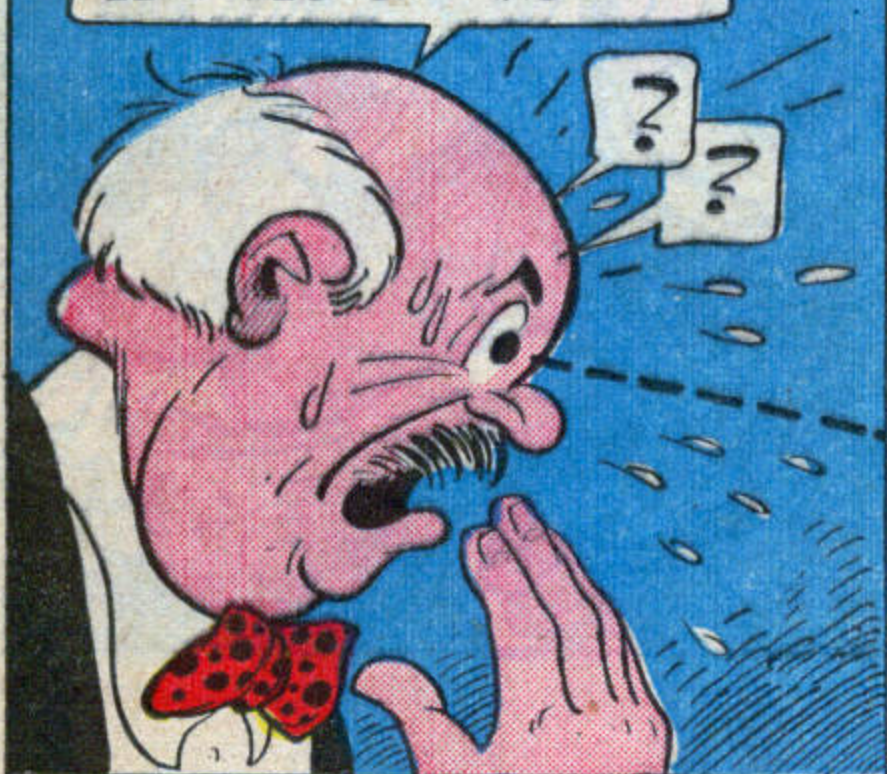
FOR TH' FIRST EXCERCISE-
PUT YOUR HANDS UP
AROUND YOUR HEAD-
KICK YOUR RIGHT LEG
UP.....



... TWIST AROUND TO TH'
LEFT PULLING Y'HEAD
BACKWARDS HARD -
THAT'S IT.....



... NOW- BEND LOW - KICK YOUR
LEFT LEG UP AND --



RICK MASTERS

in
"The Case of the
CONCRETE
IMPOSSIBILITY!"

RICK MASTERS AND HIS ABLE SIDE-KICK,
MIKE, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS TWIN EAGLES,
REALLY TANGLE WITH TROUBLE IN THE
"CASE OF THE CONCRETE IMPOSSIBILITY!"
RICK AND MIKE'S "SKYWAY TRANSPORT CO."
HAVE TO WORK OVERTIME ON THIS JOB!



• art by MORT LAWRENCE ... Story by WALTER GARDNER •

"WE FLY ANYTHING ANYWHERE! - THE SKYWAY TRANSPORT CO." *P*

AS SURE AS ME NAME'S BARRY O'ROURKE, AS SURE AS I'M A DESCENDANT OF KINGS... SOMEBODY'S OUT TO DO ME DIRT ON ME FIRST BIG JOB!

ANYWAY WE CAN HELP, BARRY?

I KNOW THOSE BIG BABIES HAVE FLOWN TANKS AND JEEPS IN THE WAR! WHAT I WANTA KNOW IS, WILL THEY FLY THE JUNK I NEED FOR ME BRIDGE?

WE FLY ANYTHING, ANYWHERE!



WHEN I MADE ME BID ON THE TIME CONTRACT I WAS SURE I COULD FINISH THE BLASTED BRIDGE IN TIME... BUT NOW, WHAT WITH MISSING MACHINES AND SABOTAGE ON THE JOB, I DUNNO!

WE'LL HELP ALL WE CAN, BARRY, YOU KNOW THAT!



Rearing down out of the sky, they see...

BEST CREW OF MEN ANYONE COULD HAVE, AND YET WE LOSE MORE AND MORE TIME EVERY DAY!

SOUNDS LIKE DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS!



ON THE GROUND, BEADY EYES WATCH AS THE PLANE LANDS...

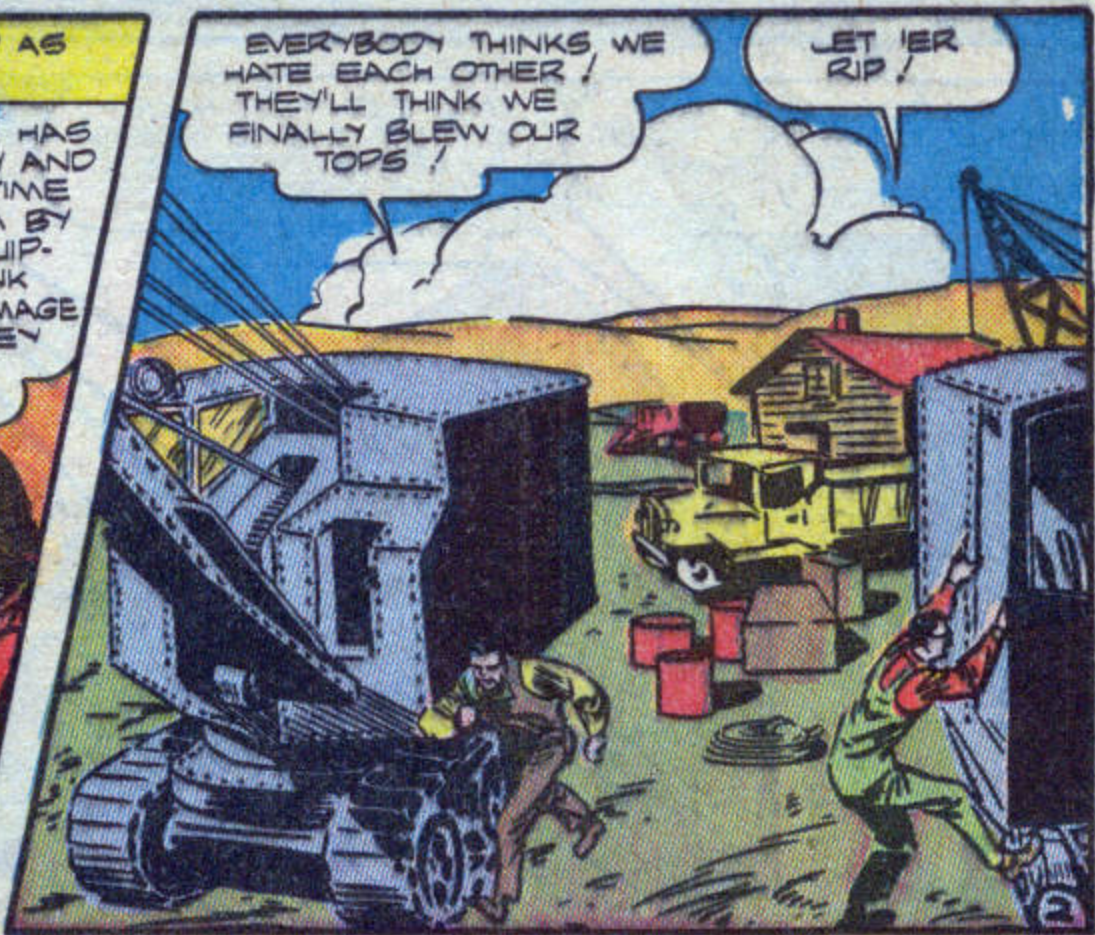
GOGGLES, DO YOU HAVE THE SAME IDEA I HAVE?

YEP. O'ROURKE HAS DECIDED TO TRY AND MAKE UP THE TIME WE'VE LOST HIM BY FLYING THE EQUIPMENT IN! I THINK WE BETTER DAMAGE SOMETHING THEY CAN'T FLY! LET'S GO!



EVERYBODY THINKS WE HATE EACH OTHER! THEY'LL THINK WE FINALLY BLEW OUR TOPS!

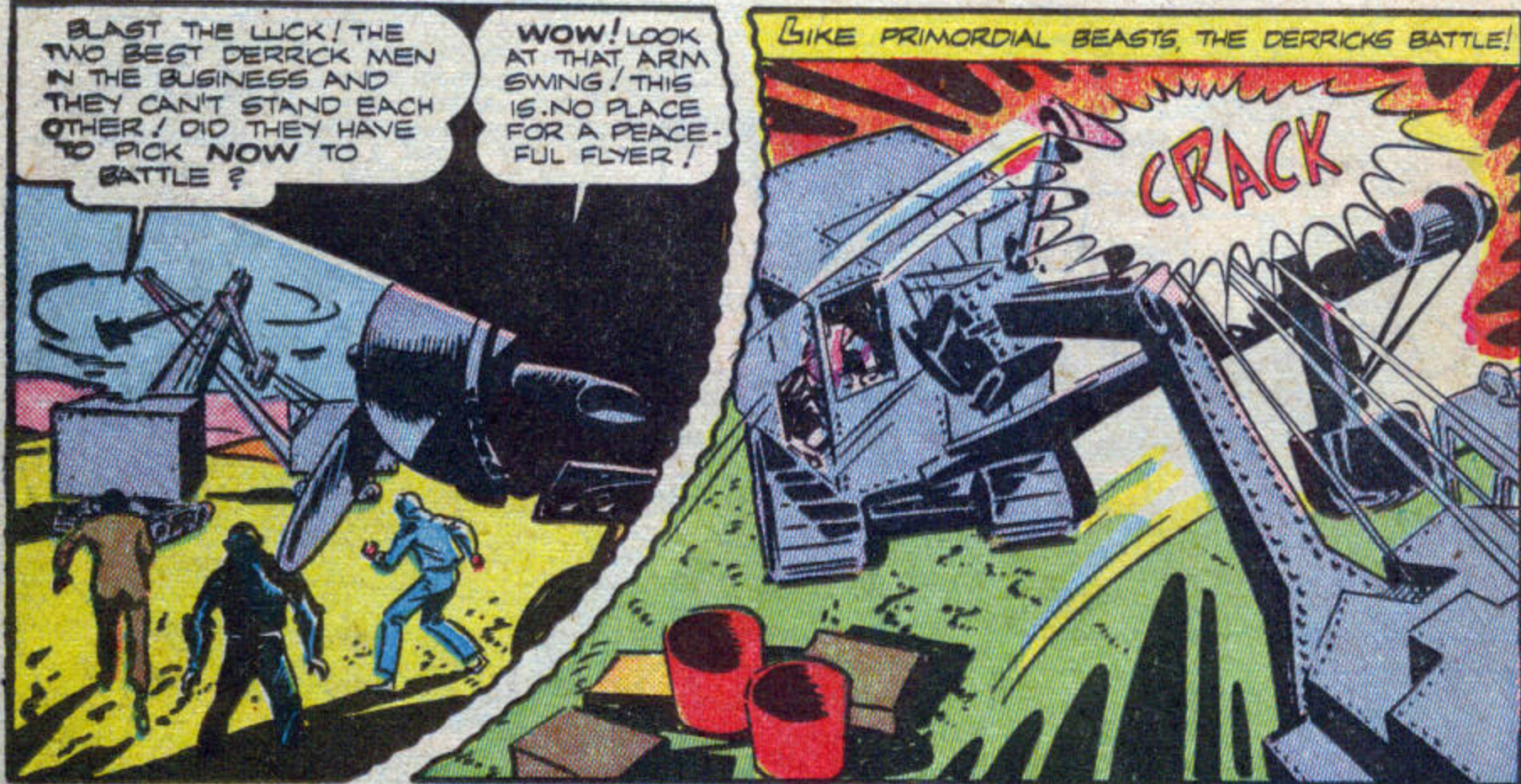
LET 'ER RIP!



BLAST THE LUCK! THE TWO BEST DERRICK MEN IN THE BUSINESS AND THEY CAN'T STAND EACH OTHER! DID THEY HAVE TO PICK NOW TO BATTLE?

WOW! LOOK AT THAT ARM SWING! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A PEACEFUL FLYER!

LIKE PRIMORDIAL BEASTS, THE DERRICKS BATTLE!



GOGGLES! CUT IT OUT! QUIT! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET ANY MORE DERRICKS! STOP IT, FOR THE LOVE OF ---

CLANG

BANG



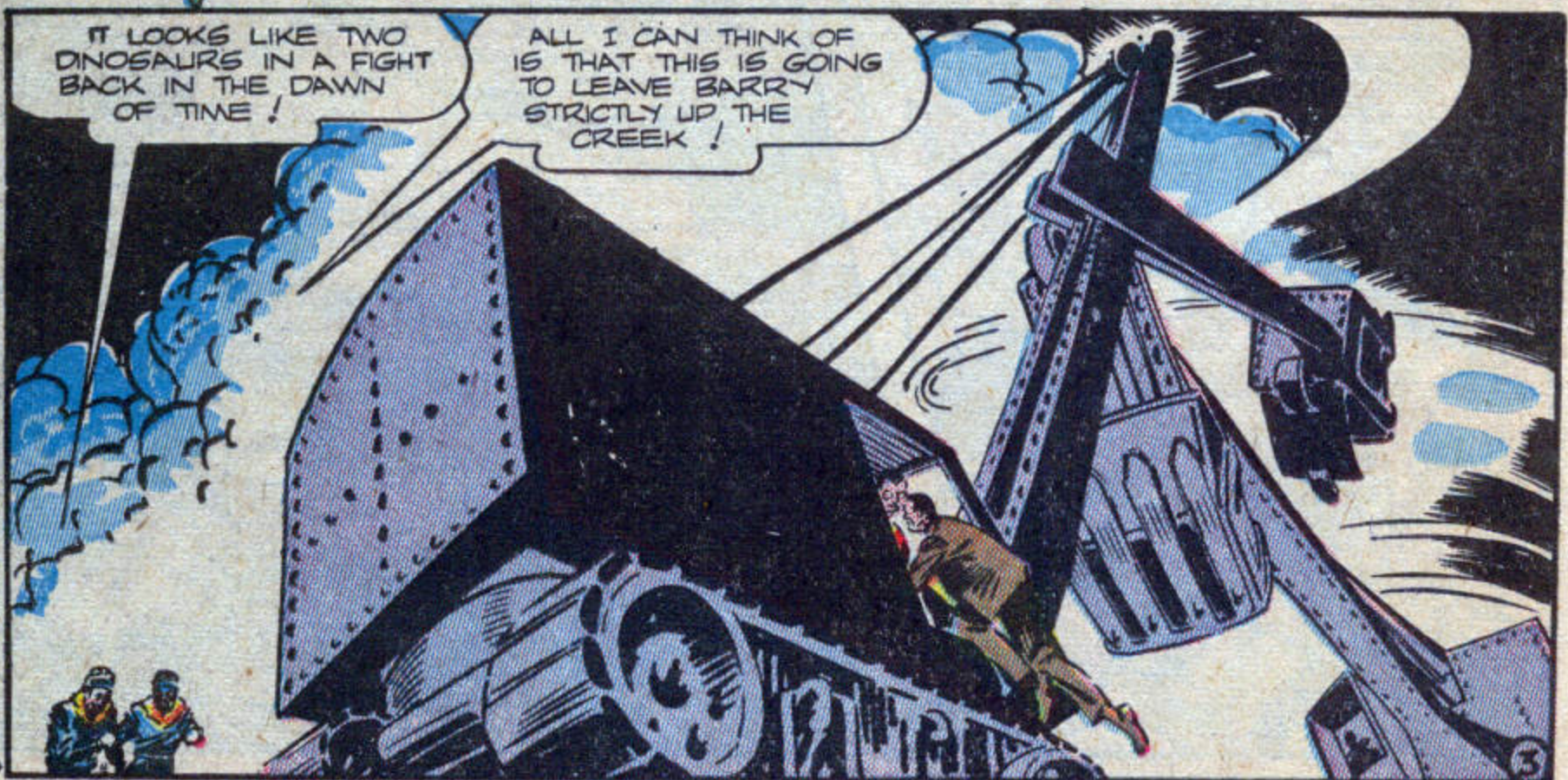
GULP! BARRY'S QUITE A BOY!

ME, I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES IN THE AIR! THIS KINDA STUFF SCARES ME! LOOKA THAT!



IT LOOKS LIKE TWO DINOSAURS IN A FIGHT BACK IN THE DAWN OF TIME!

ALL I CAN THINK OF IS THAT THIS IS GOING TO LEAVE BARRY STRICTLY UP THE CREEK!



GOGGLES! DON'T!
THAT'S FULL POWER!
YOU'LL THROW SANDY'S
DERRICK OVER!

SURE I WILL...
THAT'S WHAT HE
DESERVES, THE
DIRTY, YELLOW...

STALEMATE, AS THE HUGE MONSTERS STRAIN
THEIR EVERY OUNCE OF STEAM TO...

IF THOSE THINGS
TIP, BARRY'S LIKELY
TO GET KILLED...

LIKELY TO? THE
ODDS ARE A HUN-
DRED TO ONE
UNLESS...

HE'S O.K.! SEE
...HE'S COMING
OUT...

BUT THE DERRICKS
ARE GONNA---

CRASH

CRACK
BARROOOOM!

GEE, BARRY,
I'M SORRY! I
MUSTA GONE
OFF MY NUT!
I BEEN WANTIN'
TO TAKE CARE
OF THAT GUY
FOR SO LONG
THAT---

O.K.! O.K.! I KNOW
WHAT A FIGHT IS, BUT
WHY COULDN'T YOU
HAVE DONE IT WITH
YOUR FISTS? THIS IS
GOING TO BE THE END
OF MY COMPANY, WELL,
A SHORT LIFE AND A
MERRY ONE--- I
ALWAYS SAY!

YOU'RE NOT
GIVING UP, ARE
YOU, BARRY?

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF KIDDING
MYSELF? I HAVE TWO DAYS
TO FINISH!

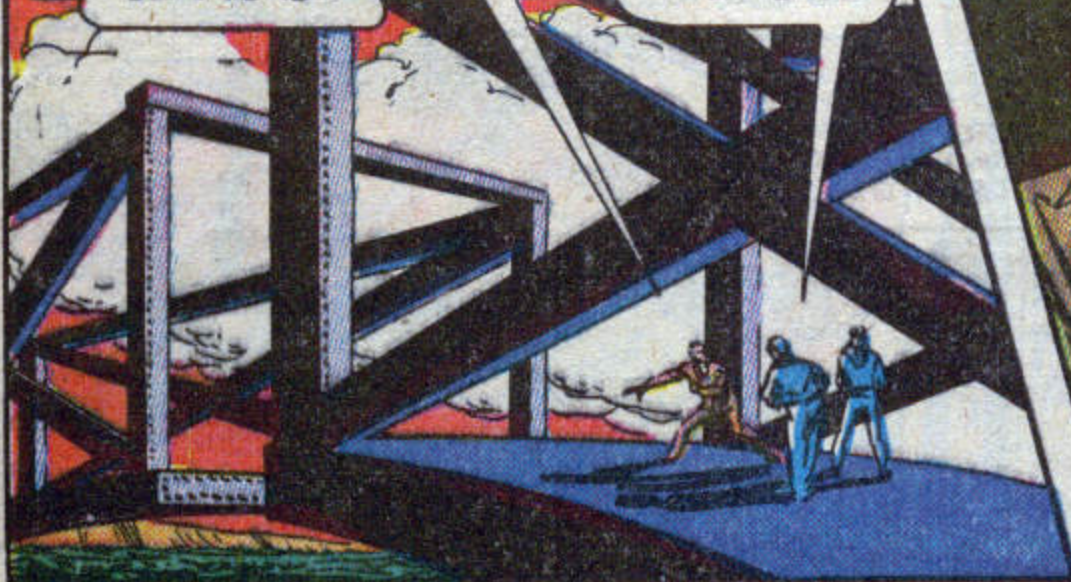
WHAT'S LEFT
TO DO?

IF MY MEN WORK STRAIGHT THRU, THEY CAN JUST ABOUT FINISH UP ALL BUT THE MAIN THING! THE ONE JOB THAT CAN'T BE DONE WITHOUT DERRICKS.

OH.. I SEE. THE KEYSTONE HAS TO BE DROPPED INTO PLACE!

AYE, THE KEYSTONE. BUT IT WEIGHS A COUPLE OF TONS. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I'M LIKED!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! WE'LL DO IT! COME ON, MIKE!



NO PLANE CAN DROP THE KEYSTONE INTO PLACE! WHAT DO THEY HAVE IN MIND? THEY CAN'T FLY DERRICKS HERE.



THE SAME QUESTION Baffles --

I THOUGHT WE HAD IT ALL SEWED UP! WHAT DO THOSE JERKS THINK THEY CAN DO?

I GUESS WE BETTER CALL THE BOSS AND ASK HIM!



Barry's rival, another contractor gets a late phone call --

WHAT? FLY A KEYSTONE? IT CAN'T BE DONE! IT'S GOT TO BE LOWERED FROM A STATIONARY OBJECT. IT'S A CONCRETE IMPOSSIBILITY! LISTEN BOYS JUST IN CASE.. I'LL HAVE A PLANE HANDY TOMORROW.. GET IT? IT'LL HAVE GUNS ALL RIGHT...



Barry spends a sleepless puzzled night... NEXT MORNING --

AT LEAST THERE'S BEEN NO NEW TROUBLE. IF ONLY RICK CAN DO THE IMPOSSIBLE I'LL BE SAVED ... THAT NOISE, A PLANE.. NO... TWO PLANES! WHAT GOES ON?



BLESS MY SOUL! I NEVER THOUGHT OF HELICOPTERS! FLYING DER-RICKS! SWELL!

WE BORROWED THESE AND HAVE TO HAVE THEM BACK, BUT QUICK AND ALL IN ONE PIECE! SO LET'S MAKE WITH THE KEYSTONE!



ENLIGHTENMENT DAWNS...

SO THAT'S IT! LUCKY THE BOSS FLEW US THAT PLANE!

THIS'LL BE DUCK SOUP BLASTING THOSE CRATES OUTA THE AIR--- LET'S GO!



TICKLISH BUSINESS....

TAKE HER AWAY!

EASY DOES IT, MIKE!

I FEEL LIKE A PIANO MOVER!

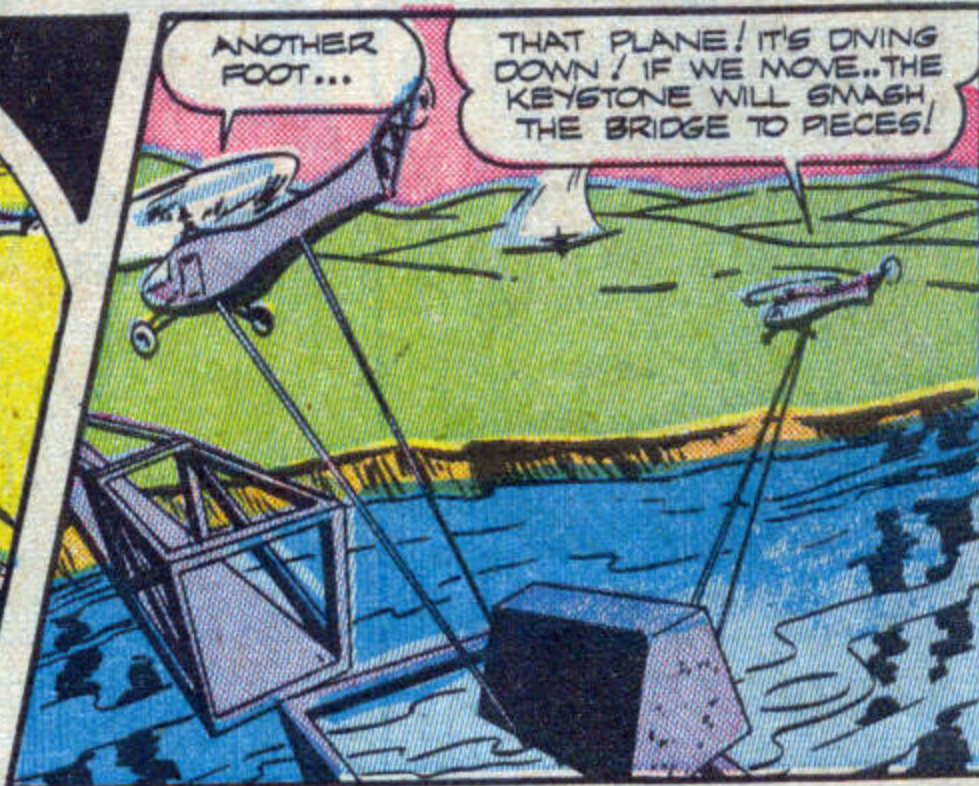


THIS IS A NEW TECHNIQUE! ON FUTURE JOBS I'LL BE ABLE TO SLICE THE TIME IN HALF! GREAT BOYS, RICK AND MIKE!



ANOTHER FOOT...

THAT PLANE! IT'S DIVING DOWN! IF WE MOVE..THE KEYSTONE WILL SMASH THE BRIDGE TO PIECES!

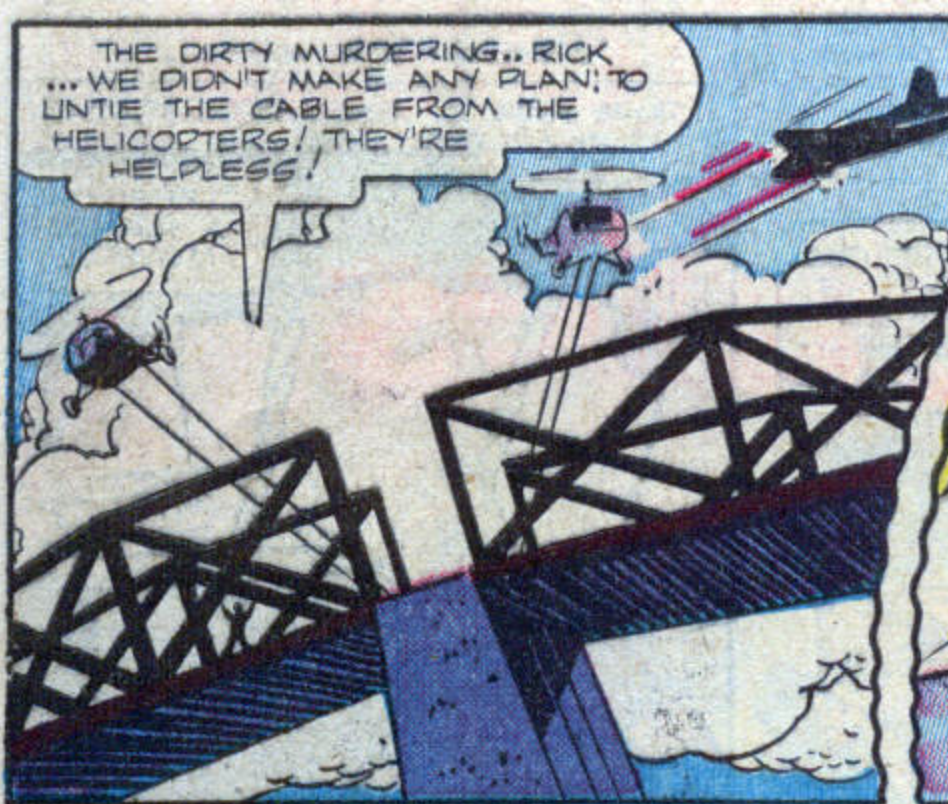


WE HAVE TO RISK IT! KEEP ON THE JOB, MIKE!

IF THE JERRIES' BULLETS DIDN'T HAVE OUR INITIALS ON THEM, THESE RATS WON'T BE ABLE TO...



THE DIRTY MURDERING... RICK
... WE DIDN'T MAKE ANY PLAN! TO
UNTIE THE CABLE FROM THE
HELICOPTERS! THEY'RE
HELPLESS!



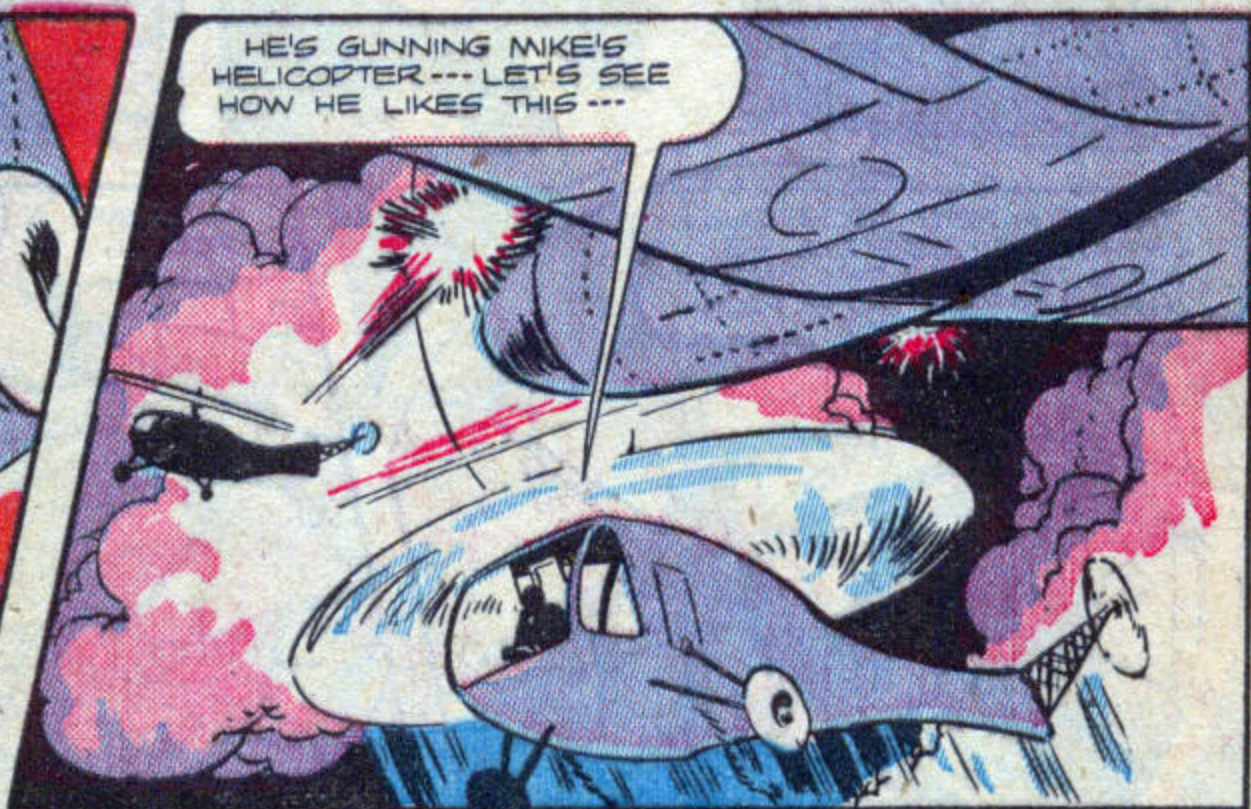
THAT DID IT! THE KEYSTONE
IS IN! BARRY'S BRIDGE IS FIN-
ISHED! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE **WE**
ARE, TOO! THOSE CABLES! IF WE
COULD ONLY GET LOOSE, WE
MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE!



IT LET GO... SOME
BULLETS MUST HAVE
... **WOW!** HERE I
COME, READY OR
NOT!



HE'S GUNNING MIKE'S
HELICOPTER--- LET'S SEE
HOW HE LIKES THIS---



TRY THAT ON YOUR
PROP, AND SEE WHAT
IT'S LIKE---



The PROPLESS
PLANE
CRASHES---

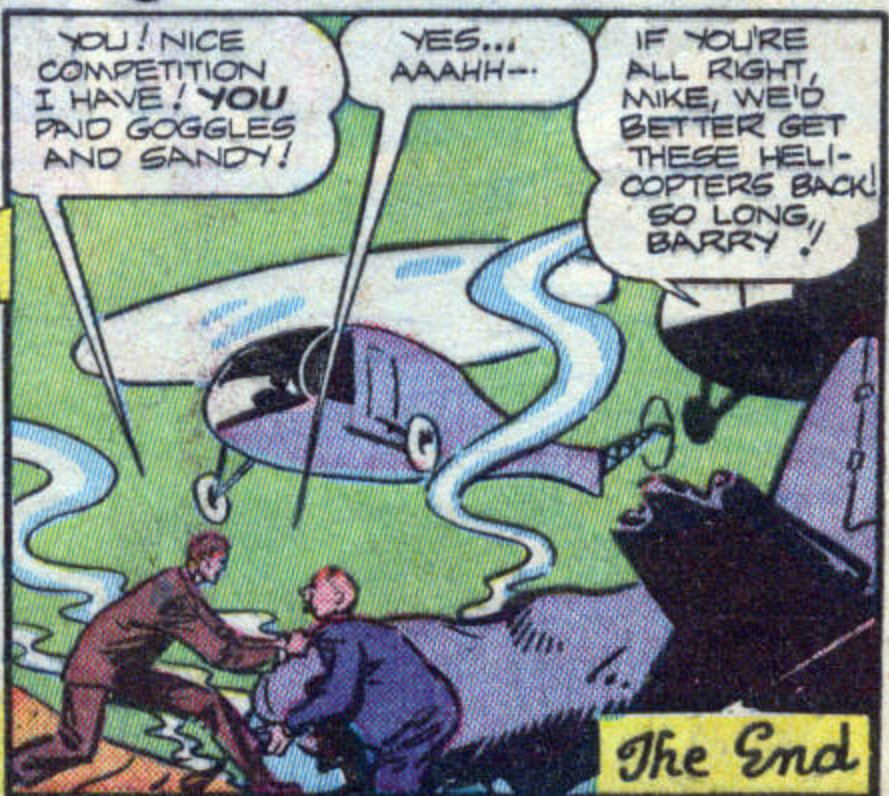
CRASH



YOU! NICE
COMPETITION
I HAVE! **YOU**
PAID GOGGLES
AND SANDY!

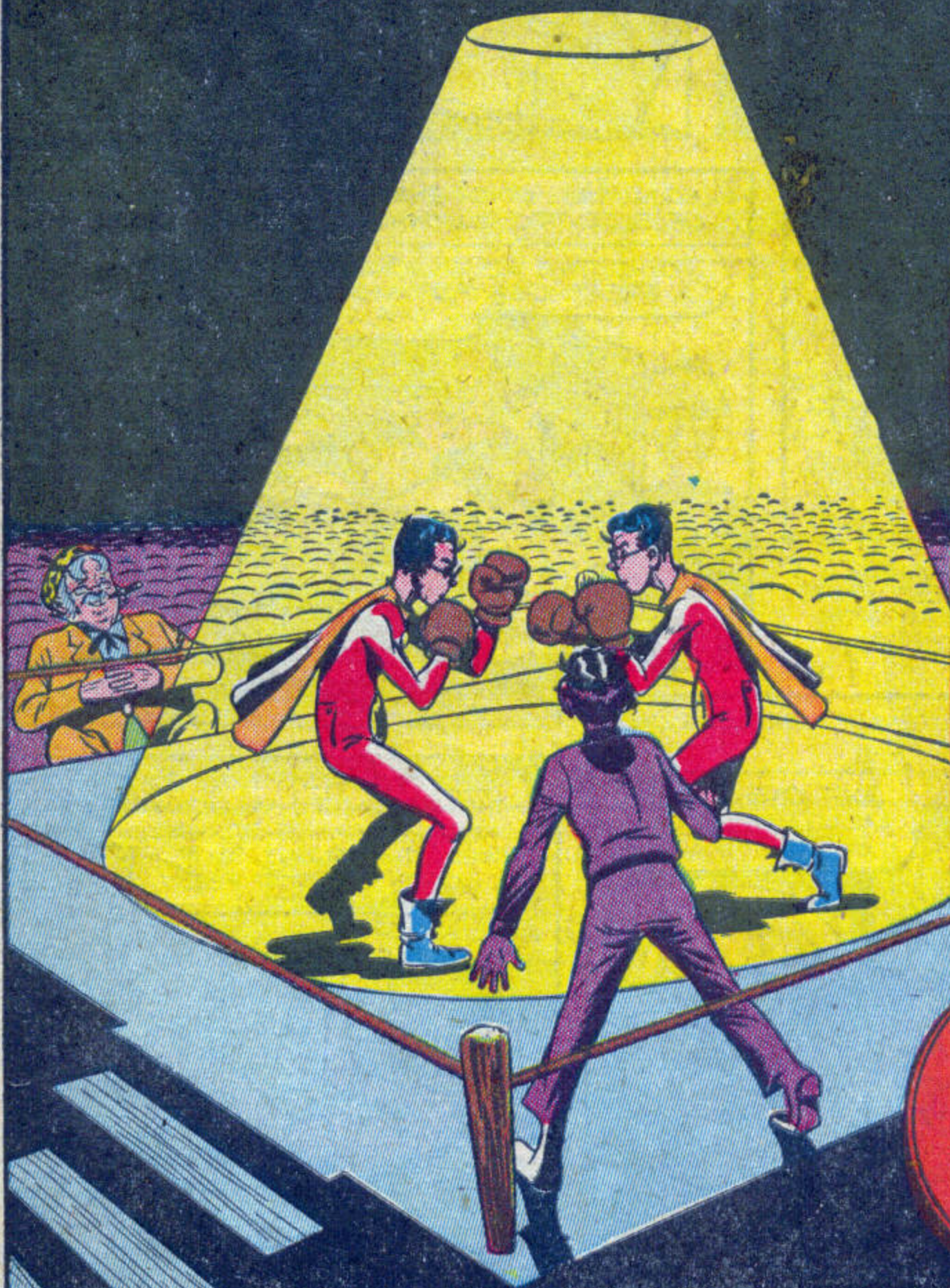
YES...
AAAHH--

IF YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT,
MIKE, WE'D
BETTER GET
THESE HELI-
COPTERS BACK!
SO LONG!
BARRY!



The End

Lieutenant Hercules



**LIEUTENANT
HERCULES**
IS SUPER-SWIFT
--SUPER-STRONG
--MASTER OF FIRE
AND FROST---
SUPER-WISE---
INDESTRUCTIBLE--
AND THE POS-
SESSOR OF HUN-
DREDS OF ABI-
LITIES OFTEN
CLAIMED BY COM-
IC HEROES-BUT
EVEN THE MIGHTY
LIEUTENANT
HERCULES
BECOMES MORE
THAN BAFFLED
WHEN HE TAKES
ON THE IMPOS-
SIBLE TASK OF
DEFEATING HIM-
SELF / DON'T
MISS THE THRIL-
LING STORY OF...

"The
THREE
IMPOSSIBLE
TASKS!"

OUR STORY OPENS IN A NEWLY-OPENED OFFICE IN A LARGE SKY-SCRAPER..

LIEUTENANT HERCULES

SUPER-HERO.
FOR HIRE AT
REASONABLE
RATES
UNDER THE PER-
SONAL MANAGE-
MENT OF
WILBUR KLUTZ

Looking
inside we
see...

IF I DO SAY SO, THAT IS
QUITE A GOOD AD! I AM
LAUNCHED IN MY NEW
BUSINESS!



ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?
THEN CALL IN LIEUTENANT
HERCULES. THE SUPER-HERO.
GUARANTEED TO BE BULLET
PROOF! NO REASONABLE
OFFER TURNED DOWN!
SEE WILBUR KLUTZ!

REPORTED ATTEMPT ON WRITER
REVEALS ODOR OF PLOT
Mr Ken Groosom noted mystery writer
reported a murder attempt upon his life by
Gas Tracing the limes to trunk in
his apartment, police donned gas
masks and found inside one
of Mr Groosom's
scripts

AND WELL MIGHT WILBUR
KLUTZ LOOK PLEASED--FOR
HE HIMSELF IS THE MIGHTY
LIEUTENANT HERCULES!

Meanwhile.. OTHER EYES SEE THE AD...IN THE HOME
OF ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE MORTIMER BUX...

HO! HO! THIS AD IS WONDERFUL! IT GIVES ME
A GREAT IDEA FOR A GAG! I MUST HIRE
THIS FELLOW!



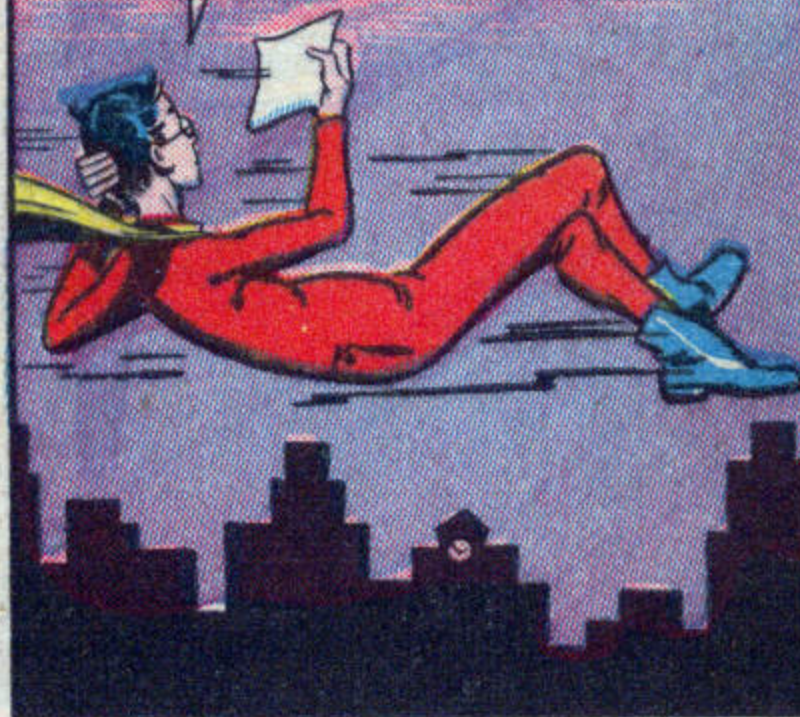
THE NEXT DAY, LIEUTENANT HERCULES CALLS
FOR HIS MAIL...

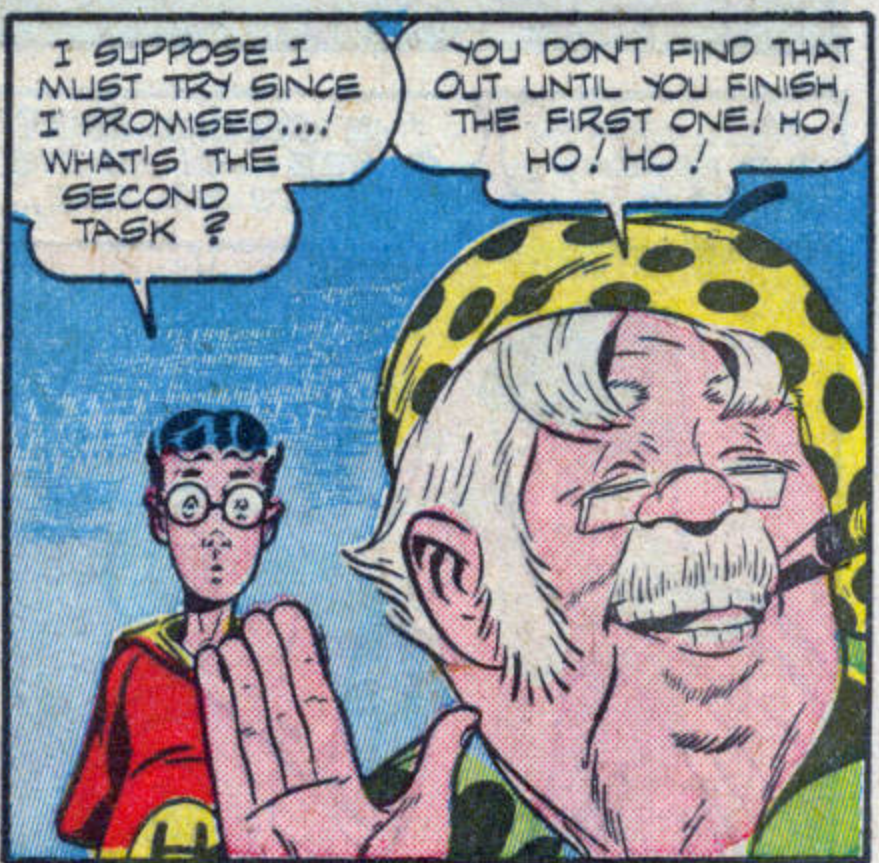
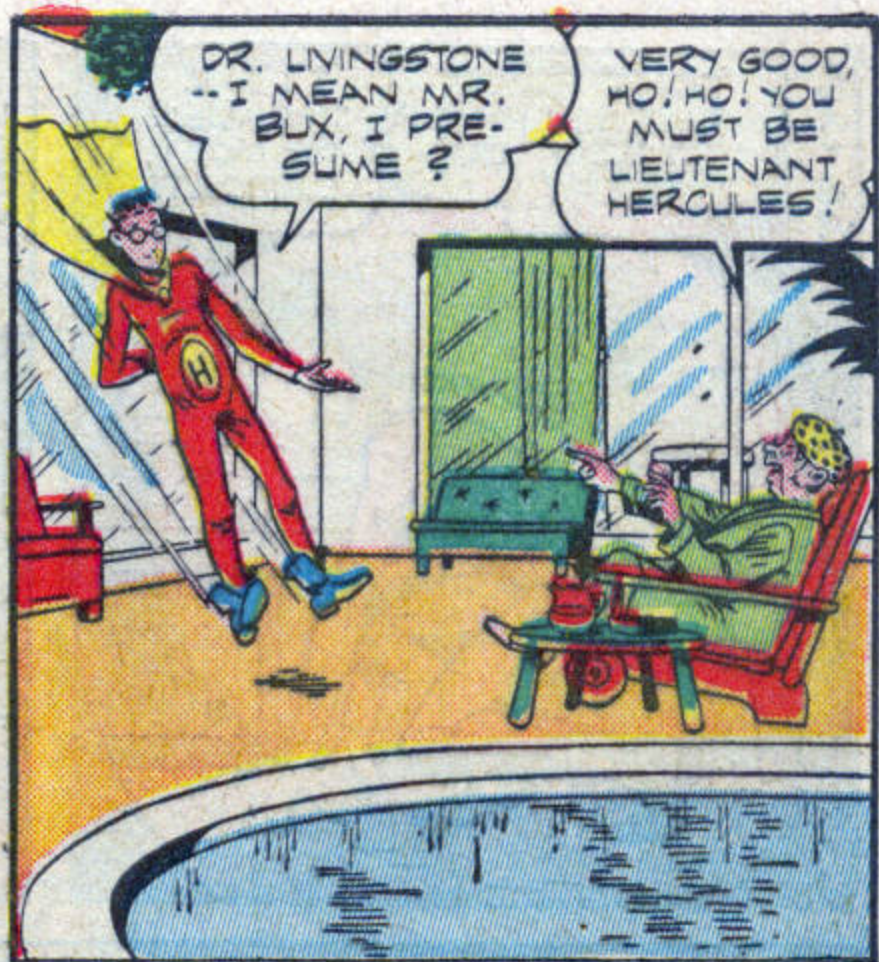
ANY MAIL FOR
ME TODAY?

JUST ONE LETTER,
LIEUTENANT!
HERE IT IS!



GEE, IT'S FROM MR. BUX,
THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE,
AND HE WANTS TO HIRE
ME! THIS OUGHT TO BE
WORTH A GOOD FEE!

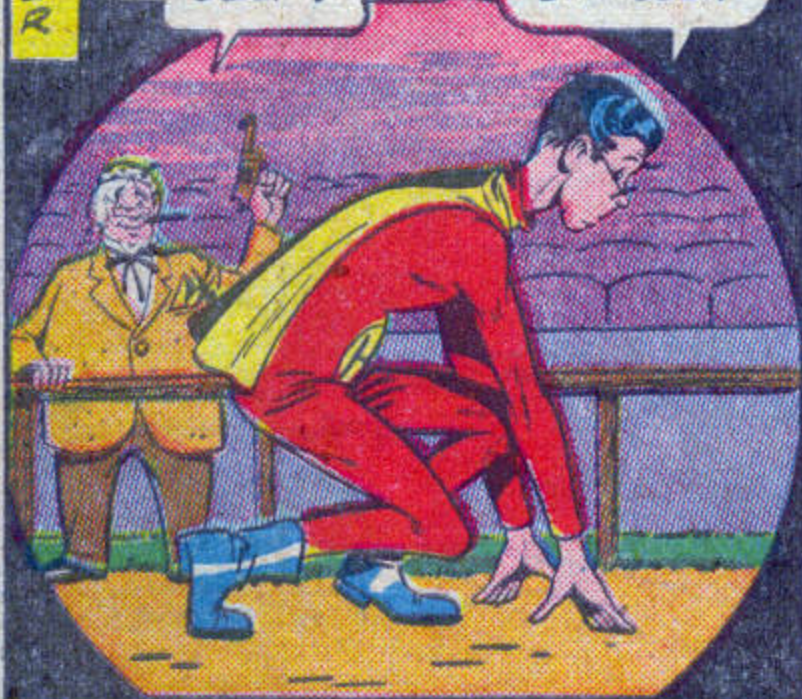




L
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E
R

DON'T FORGET
THAT YOU HAVE
TO BEAT YOUR-
SELF!

I FEAR
THIS WILL
BE MOST
DIFFICULT!



I BELIEVE I
HAVE A SOLUTION,
BUT IT WILL BE
QUITE A JOB!
WELL... HERE'S
THE FINISH
LINE, SO HERE
GOES!

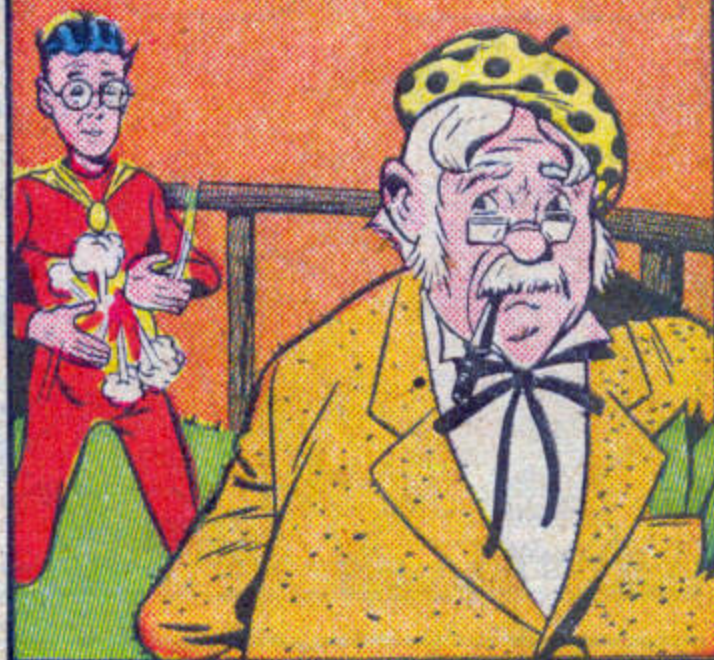


The HUMAN EYE WILL RETAIN AN IMPRESSION FOR 1/25TH OF A SECOND, A FACT WHICH LIEUTENANT HERCULES USES TO PERFORM HIS TASK!.. FLASHING INTO SUPER-SPEED AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, HE GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF BEING TWO!



WELL, THAT
TASK IS FIN-
ISHED, MR.
BLUX!

I THINK YOU
CHEATED, BUT I
GLESS I CAN'T
PROVE IT!



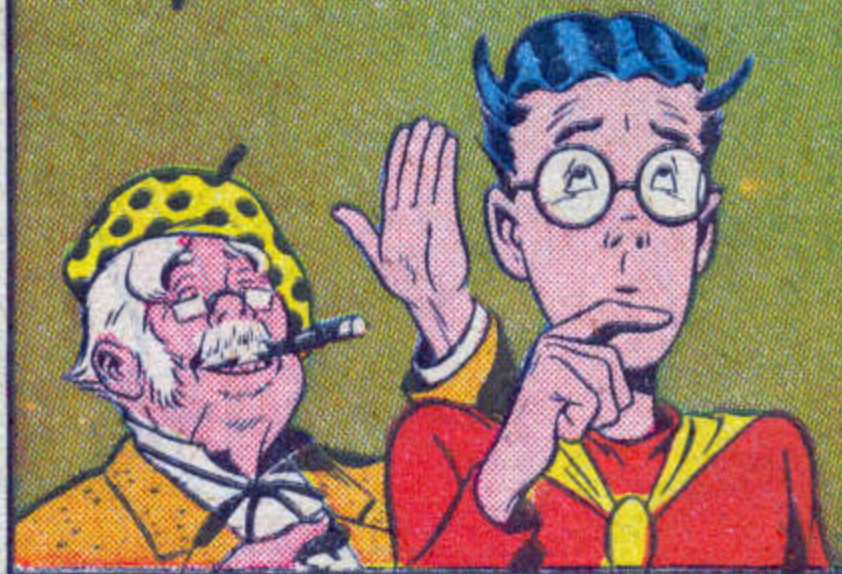
WELL, WHAT'S
THE SECOND
JOB?

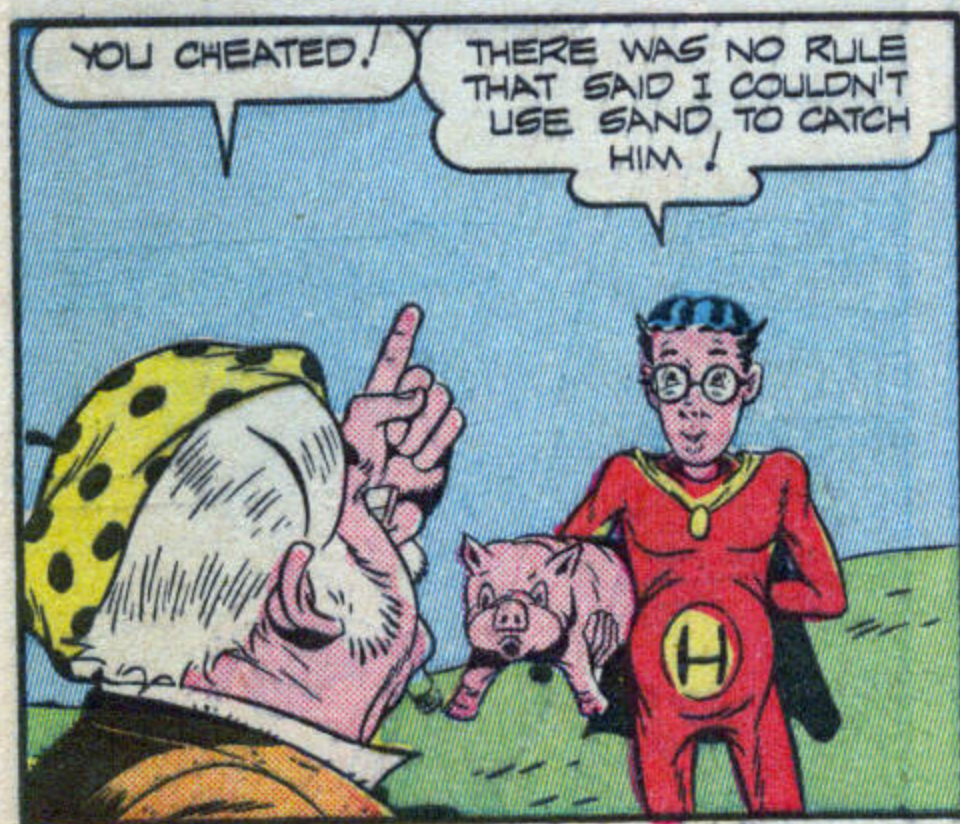
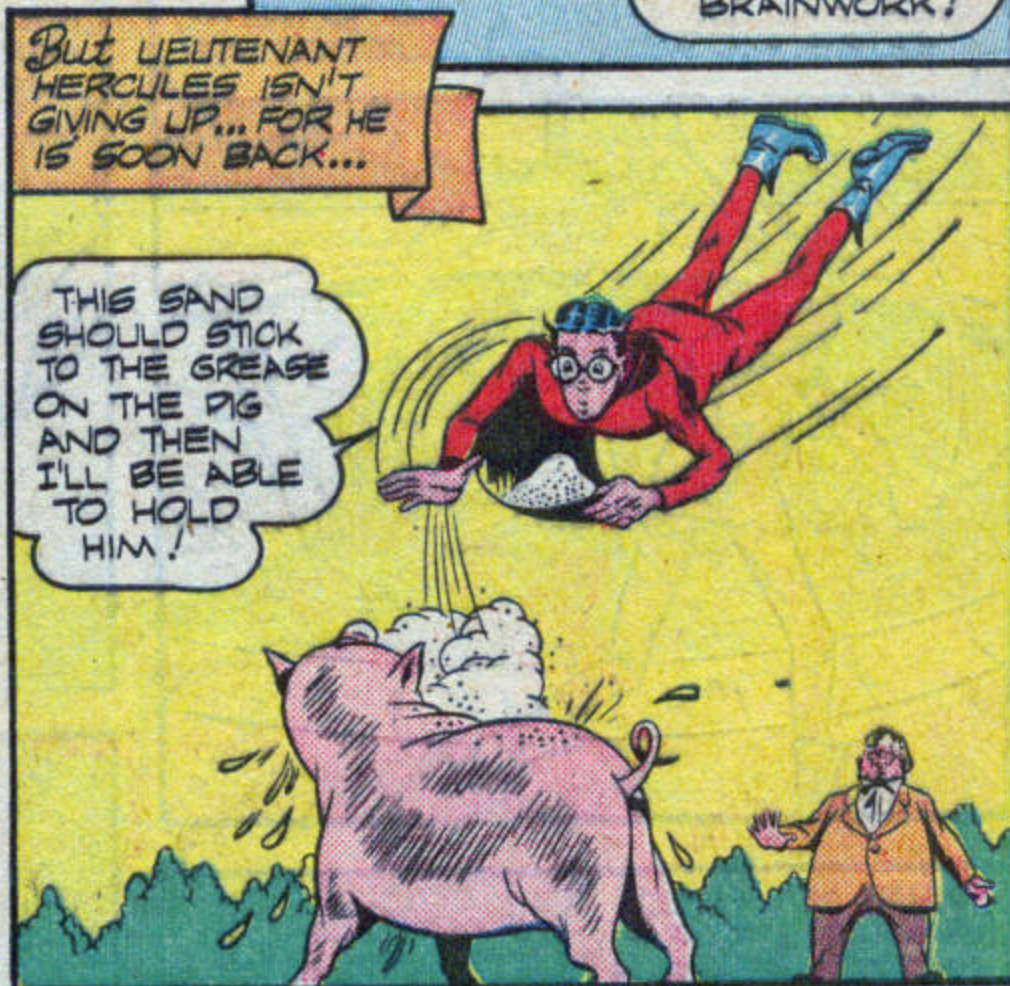
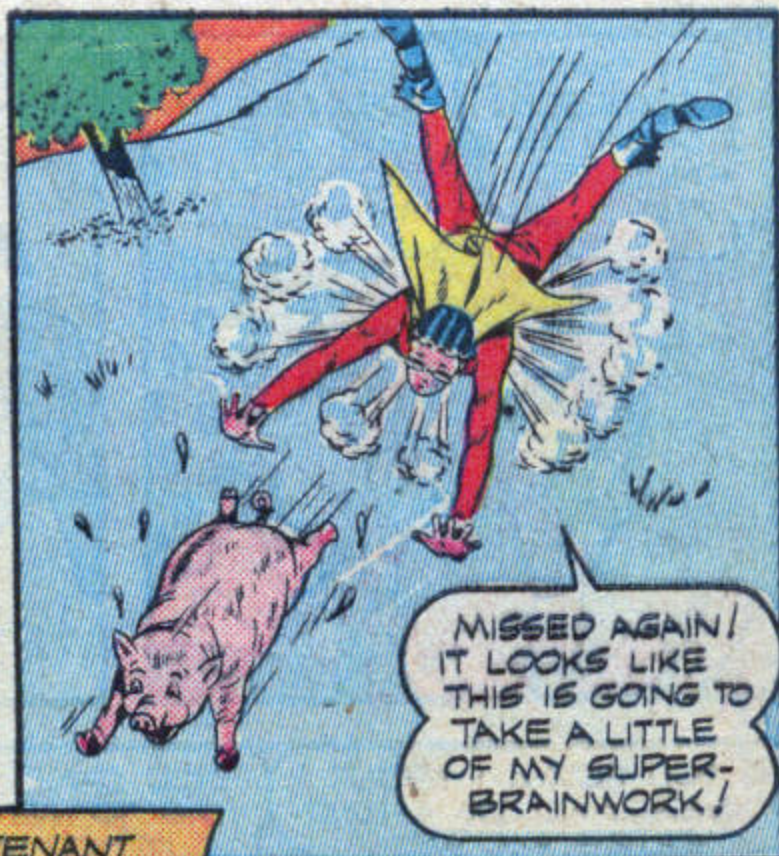
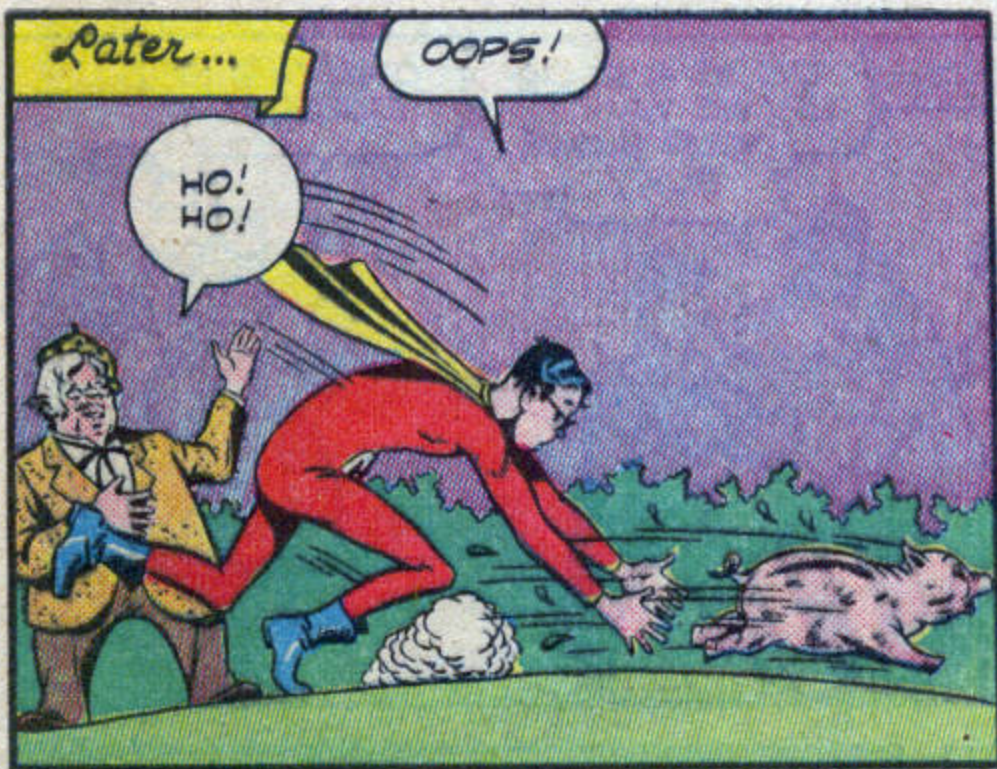
THE SECOND JOB?
OH, YES! HO! HO! I'VE
GOT YOU THIS TIME...

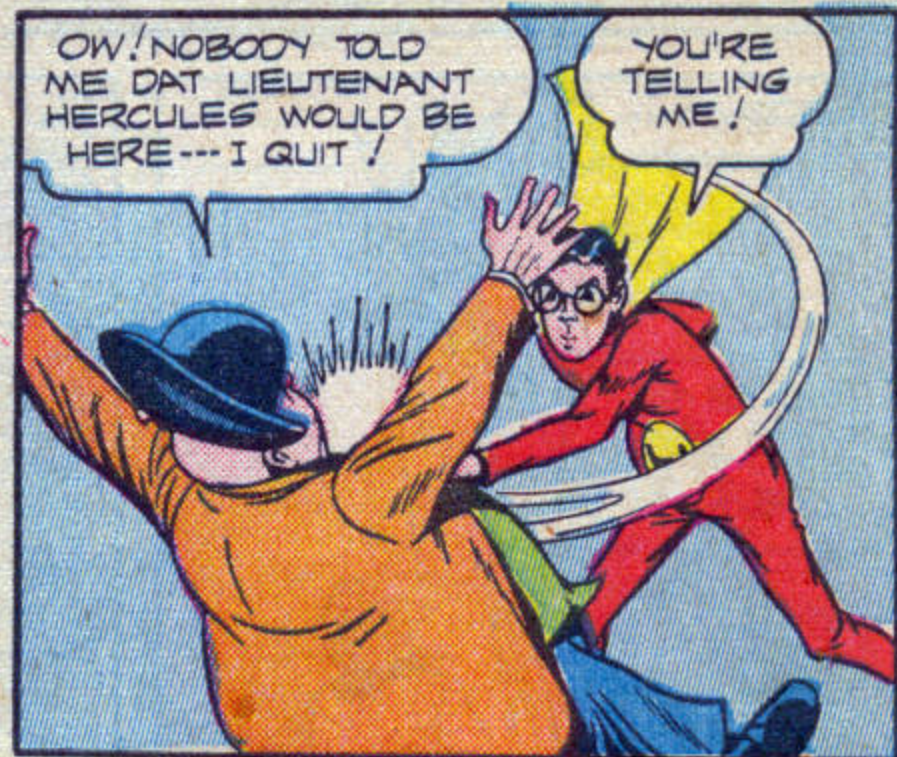
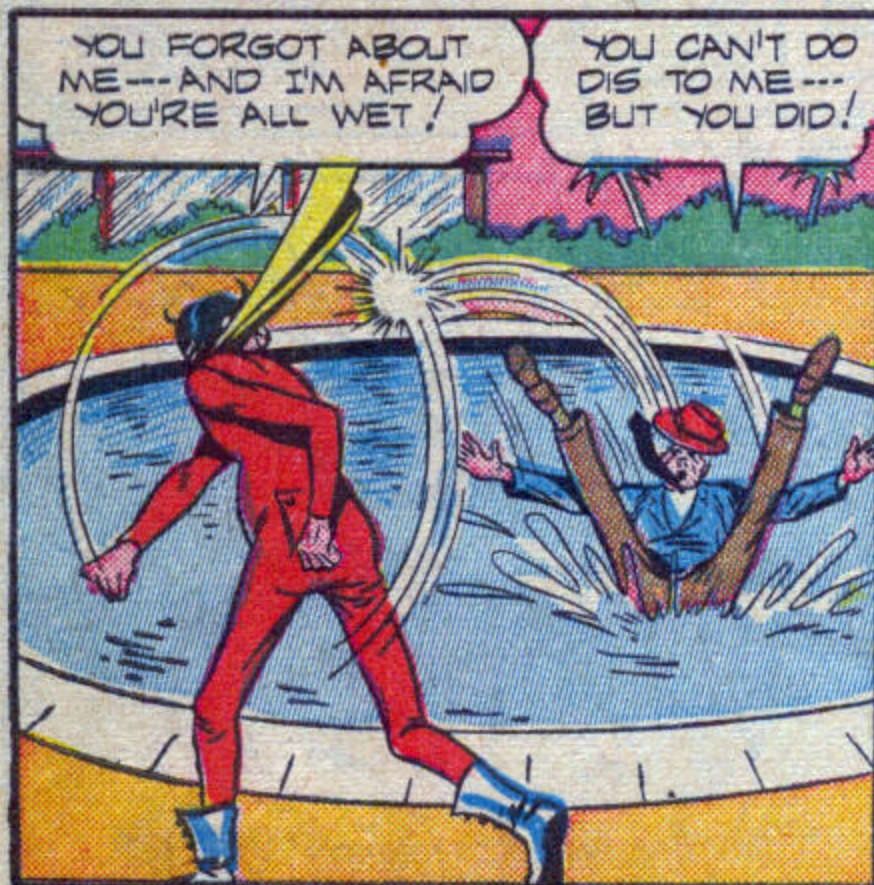


... YOU'VE GOT TO
CATCH A GREASED
PIG! HO! HO!

DEAR ME!

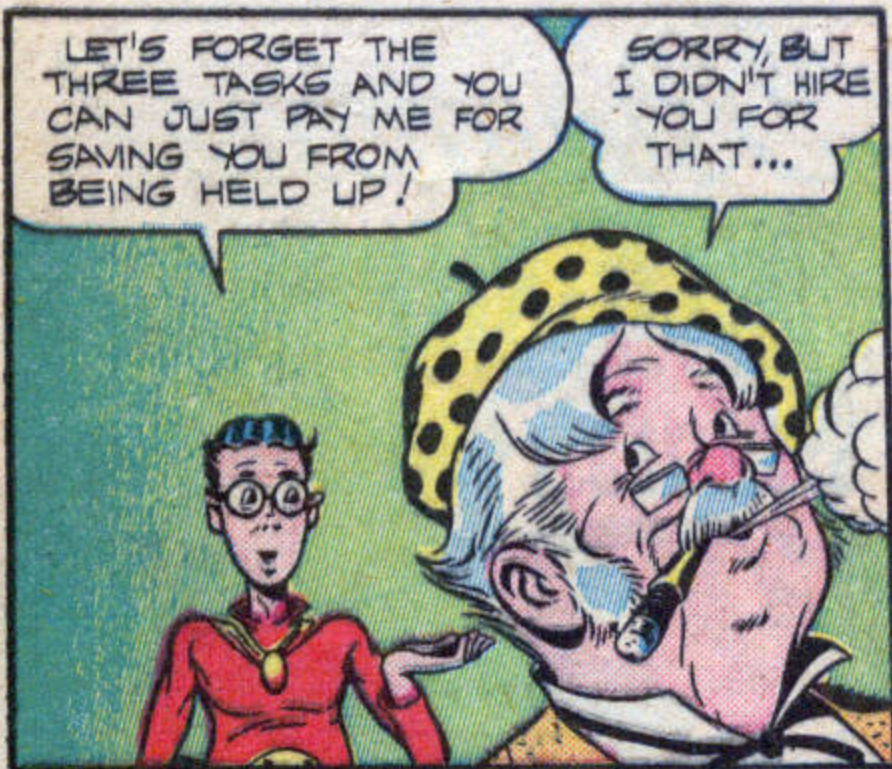






LET'S FORGET THE THREE TASKS AND YOU CAN JUST PAY ME FOR SAVING YOU FROM BEING HELD UP!

SORRY, BUT I DIDN'T HIRE YOU FOR THAT...

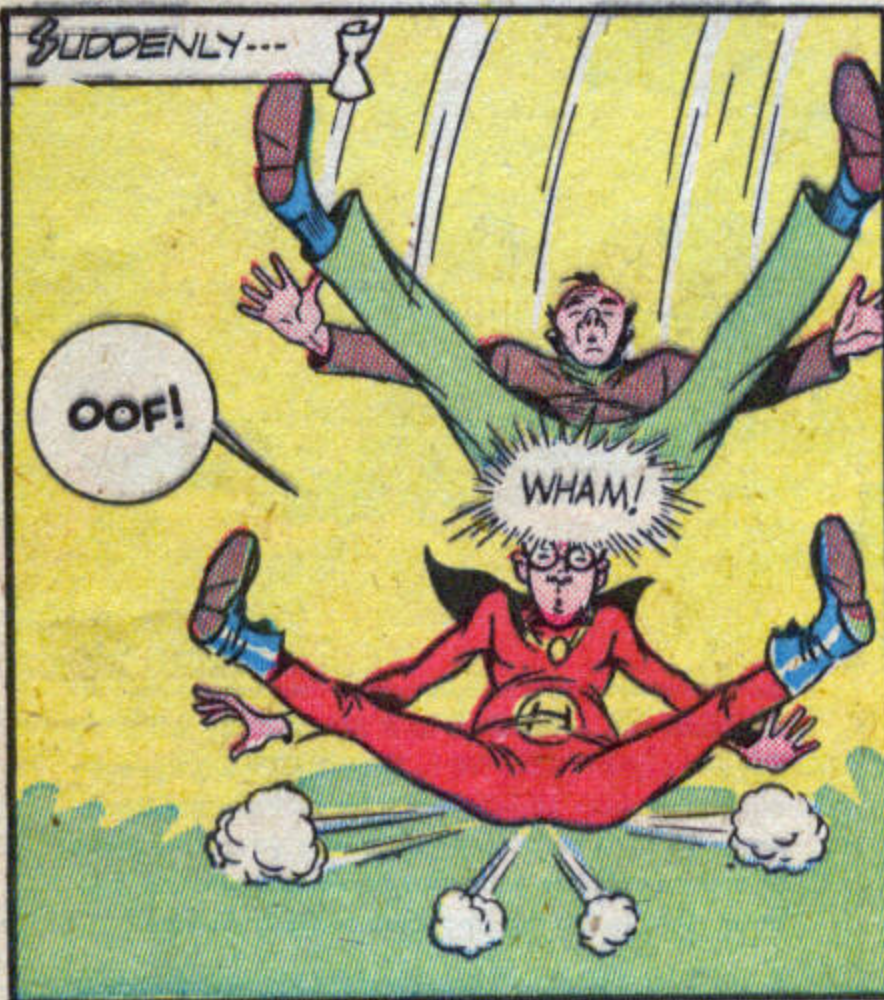


THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN COLLECT YOUR FEE IS TO KNOCK YOURSELF OUT!

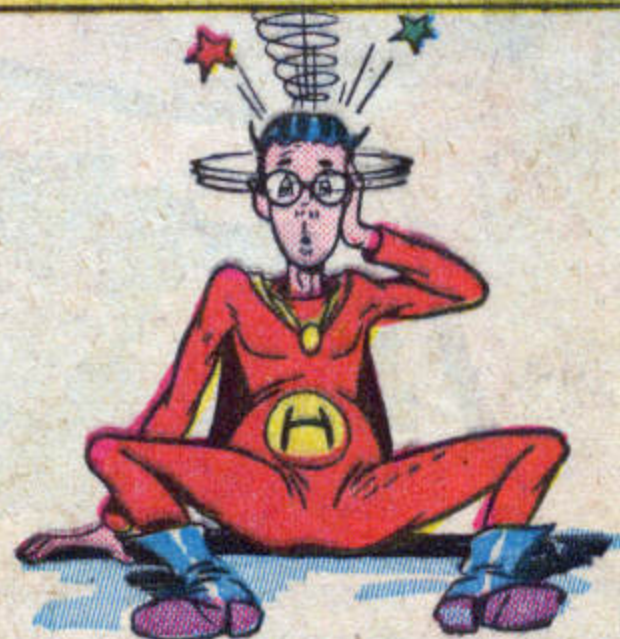
DEAR ME! WHAT A DILEMMA! I WONDER WHAT GREEN LAMA WOULD DO IN SUCH A SITUATION?



SUDDENLY...



AND FOR THE MOMENT, EVEN THE MIGHTY LIEUTENANT HERCULES IS GROGGY...



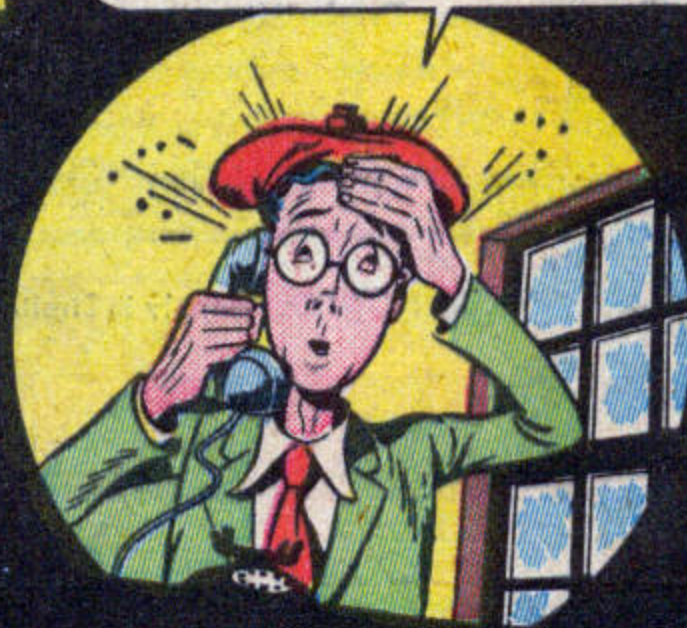
YOU SEE, IN A WAY, I DID KNOCK MYSELF OUT! I BELIEVE YOU OWE ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! BUT --- BUT I'LL PAY!



L
A
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E
R

'DAILY BUGLE? I'D LIKE TO ADD ONE SENTENCE TO MY ADVERTISEMENT (CONCERNING) LIEUTENANT HERCULES. ADD THIS SENTENCE: NO SCREWBALLS NEED APPLY!



The Way to Romance!

GLO-SHEEN Scented Gardenia



COMPLETE
MATCHED
SET

\$1.98

EARRINGS & GARDENIA



GORGEOUS, GLAMORIZING, LIFE-LIKE GARDENIAS
THAT GLOW IN THE DARK IN FULL COLOR

Beautiful and everlasting in a rich, creamy white by day—at night IT GLOWS in TECHNICOLOR to excite admiration from all who see it for its exquisite loveliness. Thrill to its beauty—wear it in your hair, dress or coat to enhance your own charm and alluring radiance. Scented to the fragrance of fresh flowers.

A GIFT for a lifetime's enjoyment. Everlasting—never fades or wilts. A sensational novelty you will adore! GLOWS IN THE DARK in 2 full colors.

QUANTITY LIMITED. ORDER NOW!

EXQUISITELY MATCHED SCENTED GLO-SHEEN EARRINGS

A most thrilling accessory — He'll adore them. Beautiful, ornamental earrings by day—by night they glow in FULL COLOR to enchant and allure romance. Everlasting, never fades or wilts. Perfectly matched earrings that glow the WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH. You'll be thrilled by their exquisite pattern of Glow-lite freshness.

Place your order NOW! Our Supply is Limited.

SEND NO MONEY

**SPECIAL
COUPON OFFER**

GLO-SHEEN
FLOWER CO. DEPT. GL-3
333 S. Market St., Chicago 6, Ill.

☐ ONE PAIR SCENTED GLO-SHEEN EARRINGS
\$1.29 plus 26c FEDERAL TAX (TOTAL \$1.55)

☐ ONE SCENTED GLO-SHEEN GARDENIA \$1.29

☐ SPECIAL OFFER MATCHED SET SCENTED GLO-SHEEN EARRINGS
AND GARDENIA ONLY \$1.98 plus 26c FEDERAL TAX ON EARRINGS

Just send your name and address with this SPECIAL COUPON OFFER and, upon arrival—simply pay postman, plus few cents postage and C.O.D. fee. Or, if you prefer enclose remittance with order and SAVE postage and C.O.D. fee and we ship order PREPAID. This SPECIAL OFFER for a limited time only—so HURRY!

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